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GERMANY.

THE politics of Germany still depend, as they have depended for a century past, on the rivalry of Austria and Prussia. Temporary co-operation in an enterprise which interested the ambition and patriotism of every German has ended, as might have been foreseen, in the revival of former jealousies under fresh provocation. It was inevitable that, of the two great allies, the more zealous and the more determined should reap the principal fruit of the joint undertaking; and it happened that Prussia was, for the first time in many years, directed by a statesman equally resolute and unscrupulous. Austria had no material advantages to expect as the reward of her exertions, for the conquered provinces were too remote for annexation, and it was useless to ask from Prussia compensation in the form of an Hungarian or Italian guarantee. The Imperial Court would have been well content, in the first instance, to avoid the necessity of war, and at a later period it would readily have acquiesced in the succession of the legitimate heir to the Duchies. The delay and uncertainty which have followed the conclusion of peace with Denmark represent either designs of aggrandizement, or perhaps simple ostentation of power, on the part of Prussia. If no accession of territory is secured, the future ruler of Schleswig and Holstein will have received full notice that he reigns by the permission of an irresistible neighbour, who will require political and military dependence as the condition of his maintenance on the ducal throne. The Prussian Minister has occupied so strong a position that the Austrian Government seems to have thought it prudent to affect concurrence in a policy which could not be directly thwarted. Enforced subservience, however, became so thoroughly unpopular that Count RECHBERG was compelled by general irritation to retire; and the Council of the Empire, in the Address to the EMPEROR, has expressed, in the plainest language which was compatible with propriety, its disapproval of the successive concessions which have been imposed on the Government. The recommendations which referred to Hungary, Galicia, and Venetia expressed, in some instances, vague aspirations—in others, want of confidence in the Ministers. The portion of the Address which related to German affairs was more practical in its object, and it has probably exercised due influence on the councils of the Crown. Translated into simple language, the Parliamentary resolution was equivalent to a proposal that the EMPEROR should resume his former character as the patron and protector of the minor Princes. It is not certain how far the population of the smaller States is inclined to resist the pretensions of Prussia, but in every Court which is threatened with actual or virtual absorption Austria has a natural partisan. Only a year ago, the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH collected round him, at Frankfort, the great majority of German Sovereigns as his supporters in a project for a closer Federal union. The scheme proved abortive through the opposition of Prussia, but the same motives would still induce the Princes to rally round the House of HAPSBERG, in the hope of preserving their nominal independence.

They have abundant cause for alarm in the present proceedings of Prussia. While the succession to Schleswig and Holstein is deliberately kept in abeyance, Count BISMARCK intimates his intention of demanding the control of the naval stations on the coast, if not the possession of Kiel. As Germany has long desired a fleet, which can only be maintained by one of the great Powers, the Prussian project will probably receive the support of the national party. The Princes, on the other hand, will feel that they are menaced by the reduction of one of their number to the condition of a vassal, nor will their confidence be restored when they observe that the Duchies are still regarded as conquered territories, and that the decision of the

title to the Crown is withheld from the Diet. At the same time, before the Diet could sanction any change, the Federal contingents furnished by Saxony and Hanover were peremptorily ordered to withdraw from Holstein, and the demand was enforced by the concentration of a Prussian army in the neighbourhood of the Hanoverian frontier. The King of HANOVER immediately gave way, and the reluctance of Saxony has been necessarily overcome by the vote of a majority of the Diet in favour of the Federal evacuation of Holstein. Those, however, who were offended by the language and demeanour of Baron BEUST before the war, and during the London Conferences, may perhaps derive an innocent pleasure from the humiliation which his Government has suffered. The ties of provincial loyalty hang with excusable looseness on Germans, who feel that they might still serve their common country although they transferred their allegiance to another dynasty. There are politicians in Prussia who look to Baron BEUST as the most fitting successor to BISMARCK; but for the present, as Minister of Saxony, he has experienced a mortifying failure. The vote of the Diet proves that Count MENSENDORFF has not yet definitively abandoned the temporizing policy of his predecessor. Unless Austria had concurred with Prussia in the demand for the withdrawal of the Federal contingent, the minor States would probably have taken courage to insist on the maintenance of the occupation. It is not likely that Austria will attempt to annex the territory of any neighbouring German State. Prussia has established a precedent which may hereafter be found convenient, by treating Holstein, which is an acknowledged member of the Confederacy, even provisionally as a conquered country; but the next step of aggression will probably be resisted by Austria, and, on the whole, the chances are in favour of the succession of the Prince of AUGUSTENBURG to Holstein and Schleswig, though not to Lauenburg.

Some importance is attached to the opportune publication at Berlin of some documents which purport to prove the title of the Kings of Prussia to certain parts of Holstein and Schleswig. A Princess of Denmark who married, at the end of the fifteenth century, an Elector of Brandenburg, made, in proper form, the customary renunciations of any claim to the patrimony of her family. A few years afterwards, the Emperors MAXIMILIAN and CHARLES V. successively annulled the renunciation as far as it affected the German province, and it may be remarked that Schleswig could certainly not have been claimed as subject to Imperial jurisdiction. It is assumed, with some plausibility, that the absurd claim has been published with the sanction of the Minister; and, if circumstances prove favourable, a certain show of hereditary right would perhaps facilitate the seizure of the provinces. It is not forgotten that the greatness of the Prussian monarchy was founded or confirmed by the invasion of Silesia, under colour of certain documents which were denounced by the Austrians as fraudulent and obsolete. A parchment title-deed, suddenly discovered when a conquest had been already completed, would be a more remarkable anachronism than the plausible claim of FREDERICK the GREAT. Imperial patents of three centuries and a half ago would not conciliate the faith of Europe, but it is impossible to say how far they might influence the opinion of Germany. For the present, it can only be said that the publication of historical records is lawful and praiseworthy, nor has any claim yet been founded on the marriage of JOACHIM I. The Prussian Minister is probably bent rather on intimidating his rivals than on carrying off the prize for which they are contending. Schleswig will be almost as useful in a dependent condition as if it were openly subject to the Prussian Crown.

It is surmised, with much plausibility, that the pretensions of Prussia are systematically encouraged by French diplomacy. It is not to be supposed that, under present circumstances, the

Emperor NAPOLEON can hope for that rectification of frontier which may have been contemplated as possible while Germany was apparently devoid of spirit and ambition. The revival of the Confederation of the Rhine may perhaps be thought at Paris less hopeless, although it is regarded in Germany as a chimera because the Princes would fear to offend the national feeling. The separation of Prussia from Austria is a more attainable object, and it is equally essential to the success of French policy. As long as the great German Powers are divided in interest and in feeling, Austria can always be threatened with interference in Italy, or even with a Hungarian insurrection; and Frenchmen are happy as long as they have the power of making their neighbours uneasy. England, as a peaceable country having different political interests, is wholly unconcerned in the distribution of German territory, except as far as the unity of the Confederation is promoted or threatened. Few Englishmen, indeed, are at present disposed to look on Prussian projects with sympathy, but national policy ought to be independent of passing dissensions. Judicious observers would have regarded the Congress of Princes at Frankfurt with unmixed goodwill if it had not been evident that the experiment was about to end in failure. The Prussian Minister has since made a more vigorous effort to assume the control of Germany or of its Northern provinces. If he succeeds, he will have accomplished an object which English statesmen have always thought desirable, although the successful exercise of superior force is not calculated to excite unmixed admiration. The Prussian plans are still liable to defeat, and it is now again the turn of Austria to bid for the disputed pre-eminence.

SECONDARY STARS.

THE stage-manager, whoever he may be, who arranges the appearance of Ministerial actors in the autumn performances evidently goes upon the principle of putting his best leg foremost. He begins the season with the stars, and leaves the sticks to the flag end. Lord PALMERSTON, as principal comedian, made a brilliant opening in August, and kept the galleries in a roar for a whole month. Mr. GLADSTONE then took the boards in a high tragedy part, a line in which his gesticulation is eminently effective. Lord RUSSELL followed with an incoherent but benevolent lecture about the human race in general, rendering the part of heavy father, in which he appeared, with great fidelity. We have now had most of the Cabinet Ministers, at least of those who can make themselves audible on any stage. Sir CHARLES WOOD was characterized last Session, by a too enthusiastic follower, as a man to whom Heaven had denied the gift of articulate speech. Sir CHARLES has taken the hint, and is economizing his voice for the coming Session by an autumn of rigorous taciturnity. Mr. CARDWELL is an effective performer, but, owing to a curious little mistake, he has not shown upon the Ministerial stage. He was unfortunately beguiled, by some friend who loved a practical joke, into making his first autumn appearance the other day at the *début* of the principal star of the Opposition theatre. He did not find out his mistake till it was too late, and it is said that his feelings have been so severely affected that he will not appear again this season. With the exception of Mr. MILNER GIBSON, who has still to make his annual confession that he knows nothing of the principal subjects of the day, the list of Ministers from whom it is fair to expect a speech is complete. The principal performances of the recess may be looked upon as over. There remains an after-piece, just to give employment to the inferior staff of the theatre, in which all the principal parts are sustained by subordinates. Any little deficiency there may be in the quality of the performance is made up for by the quantity. No less than five extra-Parliamentary utterances of subordinate officials have appeared during the last ten days.

These speeches must be judged with charity, because the position of inferior political officials is one of no slight difficulty. They have to do the work which is avowedly performed by lawyers in a court of justice. They have to make the best case that can be made in favour of those who employ them. But no one recognises this aspect of their duty; they are not even allowed to recognise it themselves. Every one knows beforehand what line an Under-Secretary, or an official of that rank, will take. It will be that of proving that everything that has been done by his official chief or the other Ministers is right, and that that official chief and those Ministers are, on the whole, the noblest specimens of the human race in existence. He must take this line as a matter of official duty, whatever his private sentiments may be. If he took an opposite view he would be

neglecting his duty, and, unless he had the happiness to be a special favourite of the Prime Minister, would have immediately to resign. But he must not speak as if he were performing a task set to him. He must use the language of genuine conviction, the tone of ardent admiration for the people whose brief he holds. Of course it may happen that he approves of the particular policy he has to defend, but, as he never has the faintest share in framing it, an unvarying concurrence in every despatch that issued from his chief's pen would be a coincidence no less fortunate than remarkable. In the House of Commons, the part that officials of this kind have to play is not so difficult, because the laws of the game are familiar to the audience, and it is well understood that the honest indignation with which the Under-Secretary boils over, or the fervent admiration he professes, are simply simulated for a high constitutional purpose. But their position is more awkward when they have to appear before constituencies who ignorantly believe that men only publicly defend measures which they personally approve. The difficulty is more embarrassing when, like Mr. LAYARD and one or two of the others, they have been keen reformers in their days of independence, and have now to come out somewhat suddenly in the character of full-blown believers in the maxim that whatever is is right. The severity of their efforts to seem sincere, and to fit on the tone of their official discourse to that which they affected when office was still in the dim distance, suggests a mental condition of the most extreme discomfort. But though the spectacle is one to move compassion, it is not destitute of interest. Such spectacles are not worth much, indeed, for the political information they afford, any more than the articles in the *Constitutionnel* or the *Moniteur*. Such orators, so far as concerns the sentiments or views they profess, are nothing but living *Communiqués*. But, as illustrations of character, they furnish a good deal of material for study. A fetter-dance is not a graceful exercise, but it gives excellent opportunities for observing the anatomy of the performers.

It is interesting, for instance, to compare the bearing of Mr. LAYARD and Sir ROBERT PEEL under these restraints. They represent probably the two extremes of sub-official character. Sir ROBERT is stubborn and refractory to that degree that nothing but the strong personal favour of the PRIME MINISTER saves him from being butted out of office by a universal rush of his exasperated colleagues. Mr. LAYARD, on the contrary, schooled by the vicissitudes of life, is as docile and pliant to his superiors as the Asiatics among whom he has lived. The difference that separates them shows itself strongly enough in the two speeches they have recently delivered. Sir ROBERT PEEL gives a very perfunctory approval to everything except the Irish and the financial portions of the policy of the Government. He declines to give any distinct opinion upon the Dano-German question. He has not had time to read the papers, or to make himself as well acquainted with foreign affairs as he once was. In fact, he hints that he had formerly studied them with the hope of being Secretary for Foreign Affairs; and that he is in no way satisfied with the turn of fortune which has condemned him to enjoy his first sweets of office in keeping at bay the ferocious pack of Irish place-hunters. But, at all events, he refuses to say more for the foreign policy of the Government than is contained in the safe declaration that it was a matter of the gravest importance to undertake a war against Germany. He congratulates himself upon the result of the division, but he will not allow that it proves the popularity of any one except Lord PALMERSTON. "This division," was, to his mind, a convincing proof, he would not say "of the popularity of the Government as a body, but" "of the confidence of the public in the capacity, judgment, and great experience of the noble lord at the head of the Administration." Perhaps this is the faintest form of eulogy that a sub-official can bestow upon his colleagues. He measures his professions of attachment to his party with equal parsimony. He would not allow that the Government was Whig, much less that it once belonged to the advanced Liberals, and he eulogized its policy as observing an exact mean between Whigs and Tories. In fact, he leaves upon his readers' minds a very distinct impression that he dislikes his office, despises his colleagues, objects to the Liberal supporters of the Ministry, and does not think much of its foreign policy. Mr. LAYARD's speech is in striking contrast to this. Even the non-reforming policy of his superiors, which he cannot defend in such a place as Southwark, he attributes to the "reactionary" tendencies of the House of Commons. In respect to foreign policy, he deals with current history in a fashion which can only be described as the result of a

warm but serviceable imagination. There are not many Under-Secretaries who could be got to assert that Lord RUSSELL never used any language of intimidation towards the German Powers, or that Lord PALMERSTON's policy in China has been "to settle matters peaceably and by treaty, instead of by cannon-shot and by battle." It can only be said, with reference to this last assertion, that "settling matters peaceably" requires an amazing expenditure of powder and shot, and a very much larger number of armed men than one would imagine necessary for peaceable operations. The truth of the allegation that Lord RUSSELL did not employ language of intimidation of course depends entirely upon the speaker's conception of the meaning of language. That Lord RUSSELL did not swear like a bargee may be freely conceded. But that he used language which, in the practice of diplomacy, is considered threatening, is evident enough from the intense sensation which it created in Germany long before it was subjected to Parliamentary criticism in England. But this extravagant line of defence, if it does not show judgment, at least shows zeal. If we are to argue, from the affection which it breathes to his superiors, that the speaker is deep in their confidence, the unpleasant inference forces itself upon the world that Lord RUSSELL is in no way inclined to alter his style of despatch-writing, and looks upon it as erring, if at all, upon the side of mildness. In fact, Mr. LATARD proudly states that, while the Government will deserve the confidence of the people by not going to war, they intend to preserve "their position in the councils of nations." If these are the views of Lord RUSSELL, we may expect a repetition of the Polish and Danish blunders upon the first opportunity that offers. A voice in the councils of nations is only conceded to Powers that can enforce their views with the sword. Our position in the councils of nations was sufficiently illustrated this year by the futile efforts of the FOREIGN MINISTER at the Conference of London. How long it will be before the Cabinets of Europe learn to repel our advice with contempt will depend exactly on the time that elapses before they arrive at a complete conviction that we will not fight. Bluster may retain a slight influence for a short time, but it must be found out at last; and, when it is, "our position in the councils of nations" will, at all events, be one that there will be no difficulty in retaining.

THE PROSECUTION OF THE THIRTEEN.

THE sentence of the Court of Correctional Appeal was probably anticipated by M. GARNIER-PAGÈS and the other defendants. If a forensic victory had been expected, the arguments for the defence would have been more exclusively applied to the legal issue, and it would not perhaps have been thought prudent to take occasion for animated protests against the whole system of government in France. It remains to be seen whether any regard for constitutional freedom still survives the levelling influence of thirteen years of absolute rule. The EMPEROR has shown that in many respects he understands the character of his countrymen, and he may possibly be justified in his low estimate of their regard for political liberty. To foreigners it seems strange that he should unnecessarily provoke contests in Courts of justice, where his system of government is criticised with exceptional freedom of speech. The epigrammatic quotation with which M. BERRYER concluded his address is certain to be apprehended and remembered by Parisians, if not by Frenchmen in general. The truism that a Court deals in judgments, and not in courtly offices, was calculated to annoy the Government equally whether the defendants were convicted or acquitted; for it is not the interest of an absolute ruler either that his tribunals should be suspected of undue complaisance, or that they should ostentatiously assert their independence. The skilful advocate intended, in either contingency, to suggest a political motive for a conclusion which ought to depend exclusively on legal reasons. Political martyrdom and successful resistance to oppression are almost equally inconvenient to despotic Sovereigns. It was the business of the Opposition either to render the Government odious, or to show that there were limits to its power; and as it was unlikely that a severe sentence would be passed on eminent or respectable men who, at the worst, had only misinterpreted an ambiguous law, the counsel for the accused naturally looked rather to the political bearing of the prosecution than to the safety of their clients. The older members of the Bar well remember the damage which was inflicted on the cause of Royalty by convictions, as well as by acquittals, in the political trials of the Restoration. Whether BÉRANGER was imprisoned for the publication of undoubted libels, or juries refused to convict not less vehement enemies of the

Government, the prevailing irritation was always increased by judicial contests. The reigning dynasty is more popular than the BOURBONS of the elder branch, and constitutional freedom has sunk, for the present, to be the creed of a powerless minority; but M. GARNIER-PAGÈS and his friends represent, to a certain extent, the constituency of Paris, and they command the sympathies of the intelligent classes. The audience which attended the debates was aware that the prosecution was caused by one triumph over the Imperial Government, and that its failure would be regarded as an additional defeat. Notwithstanding the depressing influence of universal suffrage, it is possible that the propensity to embarrass the Government may at any time revive. As the Bar has never been silenced, it seems imprudent to remind the country that one channel of free utterance still remains open.

It is difficult for Englishmen to understand that, in a country which nominally possesses a representative system, it should be illegal to make arrangements for the management of elections. When Ministers and Prefets choose Government candidates, and organize the canvass on their behalf, it is evidently proper that Committees should be formed for the return of independent members. Even in England, it would be difficult in boroughs, if not in counties, for individual members of the constituency to conduct elections without concert with their political supporters. The boasted equality of France involves the helplessness of all persons who have not the support of political associates. If M. DUBAÏ's statement may be trusted, the right of combining for the purpose of electing Deputies was respected during the Restoration, by the ORLEANS Monarchy, and by the Government of the Republic; and as he appropriately observed, some of the Committees which were formed between 1848 and 1851 were professedly formed to promote the interests of NAPOLEON. Under the system of universal suffrage, combination is even more necessary than at the time when a small number of electors from the middle classes returned the Chamber of Deputies. If every Opposition voter deposited his ballot for any candidate whom he might fancy, the member supported by the Government would be invariably returned. In America, where comparative freedom of election prevails in ordinary times, every member of a political organization is bound in honour to vote for the nominee of his party. It is so necessary that he should be informed of the intentions of his political leaders, that one of Mr. LINCOLN's generals thought that he had disfranchised the Democrats of Maryland when he suppressed the paper which published the addresses and resolutions of the Central Committee. In short, free action during the preliminary proceedings is one of the most indispensable elements of freedom of election. It is not, indeed, the intention of the French Government that the voters should exercise an unbiassed choice, but it would be prudent to avoid the semblance of direct coercion. It may also be doubted whether it is the interest of the ruling power to compel its adversaries to conspire, by preventing them from combining. It is impossible to prevent the exchange of words or of letters, and it is not absolutely necessary that the members of a Committee should hold regular meetings.

The indictment alleged that M. GARNIER-PAGÈS and his associates had formed an association of more than twenty members for political purposes. Their counsel dwelt at considerable length on the objection that, as only thirteen members were prosecuted, it was impossible that the technical offence could have been committed. An accurate knowledge of French law would be essential to a sound judgment on the point in dispute. It would seem, at first sight, immaterial whether all the participants in an illegal proceeding were prosecuted, but the answer of the official advocate seems to show that he felt the force of the objection. His assertion that the remaining members of the Committee possessed no guilty knowledge of the objects for which they assembled implies an admission that the offence had not, in fact, been perpetrated. A more substantial argument for the defence was founded on the obvious distinction between a permanent association and an electoral committee. The prosecutors, in this case also, appeared to countenance the objection when they replied that the Committee had, in fact, held its sittings after the first election which was rendered partially void by a mistake in the return of M. PELLETAN, and by the determination of M. FAVRE and M. HAVIN to sit respectively for Lyons and for the Department of the Channel. According to English law, an election is incomplete until it is terminated by a valid return, and, if half a dozen members are unseated in succession, the contests which ensue constitute only a single proceeding. The French law may probably be different, and

the Committee may perhaps have committed an oversight in not dissolving itself after the first election, and reconstituting itself for the second; but if its operations were in each separate instance legal, it would be absurdly harsh to take advantage of an accidental irregularity. It is certain that the Committee was not in reality intended to be permanent.

The prosecution was founded on a law of 1810, passed during the most despotic period of the Empire, at a time when free elections could not even have been contemplated by the legislator. France is not the only country where statutes have been afterwards applied to circumstances which could never have entered into the purview of their authors, but it might have been supposed that the lapse of more than half a century would have been a security against the penal effects of a law which has never before been understood as prohibiting electoral committees. An Act of 1834, which was also quoted by the prosecutors, was introduced by the Government of the time with the express statement that it applied to permanent associations only, and not to electoral committees. The legal discussion may perhaps have affected the final decision; but the counsel on both sides dwelt with greater earnestness on the political motives of the Government, and on the practical effect of a conviction. It would be useless to address such arguments to an English Court, but in France, where the province of the jury is narrowly restricted, all tribunals appear to be more or less open to considerations of moral justice and of expediency. M. BERRYER taunted the Government with its attempt to revenge itself on his client, M. FERRY, who had offended the Government by publishing two or three pamphlets on the elections. M. DUFAURE pointed out the inconsistency between the prosecution and the decree of November, 1862, which professedly invited all parties in France to a renewed participation in political activity. It is intelligible that laws against political associations may be required for the protection of Continental Governments, although they are found unnecessary in England and America. The clubs of the great Revolution, and the institutions which mimicked them in 1848, have left unpleasant memories in France; but there is a wide distinction between bodies of this kind and meetings of a few active politicians, in a private house, for the management of a particular election. M. BERRYER may perhaps have been justified in his assumption that the prosecution was instituted in revenge for the defeat of the Government candidates in the principal cities of France.

The bold and powerful speeches of the advocates for the accused will have startled the parasites of the Empire. M. BERRYER avowed his dissent from the republican opinions of his colleagues, but the representatives of all political parties were unanimous in defending the principles of liberty. M. DESMAREST desired the chief law officer of the Crown to speak to the head of the Government as the Marquis of DREUX BREZÉ was required by MIRABEAU to convey to LOUIS XVI. the defiance of the Third Estate. M. JULES FAVRE declared that the true issue was whether the EMPEROR's profession of holding power by the will of the people was "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." To Englishmen it would, however, seem that the speeches on the side of the prosecution were more dangerous to the Government than all the eloquence of M. BERRYER and his associates. The PROCUREUR-GÉNÉRAL declared that it would be time enough to talk of English liberty when the French dynasty was as firmly seated as the English; and he had previously informed the Court and the audience that the Empire, shining like the sun, was all the light that the people wanted. The courtiers of DOMITIAN might find rivals in abjectness among the flatterers of NAPOLEON III. Time alone can show whether they represent with equal fidelity the meanness and the timidity around them.

LITERATURE AND STATESMEN.

HORACE WALPOLE'S Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors is not a discriminating work. Planned chiefly for the glorification of the blue blood, the City alderman's grandson seems to think that literature is highly honoured when Lord FANNY condescends to favour the world with the trifles of an elegant and otiose muse. If WALPOLE had thought fit to distinguish between patrician authors who have ennobled letters and those on whom letters have conferred a higher nobility than that of birth, his list would have gained in solidity what it lost in length. There are two or three clearly-marked phases of the literary profession. In old times, scholarship was a distinct calling, and a separate manner of life. In the middle ages, literature was pursued by its few and patient students as a

duty little less than religious. In what is called the Augustan age of English letters, the professional writer belonged to a craft which was tolerated rather than honoured in the social hierarchy. SOUTHEY was, perhaps, the last of the long succession of labourers who scarcely emancipated themselves from the position of booksellers' hacks. In our own days it can scarcely be said that authors have not made good their position. But writing is now a branch of recognised manufacture and trade. As everybody gets paid for what he writes, writing follows the ordinary laws of trade. It is produced, like any other article of general consumption, to order, and, in common with coats and shoes, it employs craftsmen of every degree of skill. The result is that literature is less pursued for its own sake than at any previous period in the history of letters. There is something disillusionizing in the sumptuous returns of a successful poem or novel which we so often now-a-days hear of; and while in open market there is sure to be some sale for the flimsiest of articles and tales, the numbers of the sacred few who write because they are impelled by motives which are not altogether material are diminishing, at least in England. It is, therefore, an especial duty to welcome with honour those to whom the love of lucre is less a motive than the love of letters. Not but that this feeling of respect for authors who must be above pecuniary considerations may be carried too far. There is danger of a reaction. The work of gentlemen and lords who write with ease, and without an eye to their banker's book, may come to be treated with undue deference, and with a misplaced immunity from fair criticism, on the mere score of their unquestionable superiority to the venal promptings of the pen.

The number of statesmen and political men who have combined the pursuit of letters with the business of government is not large, and it reflects some credit on our own times, and on our higher education, that some of the best specimens of the lettered statesman are among our contemporaries. A lettered statesman and a literary politician are two very different things. France has produced a redundant crop of the literary politician; and though the present stagnation of political life under the Empire drives men to the desk who would, under other auspices, have dignified office, we are not of those who regret that journalism has not yet, in England, been used as the ladder by which the difficult heights of Downing Street are won. If we have had no GUZOT or THIERS, it is something that France has not yet been able to boast of its CORNEWALL LEWIS and its GLADSTONE. The present EMPEROR is disposed, in this as in other matters, to stand alone; and the head of the State challenges his place in the Academy, and desires to be remembered as the critical historian no less than as the Man of December. We do not mean to say that history is deficient in notables who have in some measure combined the practical and literary life. CICERO is the great example, but he won a commanding place in public affairs by his professional eminence, and, at the best, he was only a *dilettante* in second-hand philosophy. CÆSAR and the Duke of WELLINGTON wrote on professional subjects. ANTONINUS, and JULIAN, and FREDERICK scarcely range beyond an amateur rank in the republic of letters. Statesmen, such as SULLY, *emeriti*, disgraced, or shelved, have often employed themselves in writing memoirs of their times, in which they have generally sought to dictate or anticipate the judgment of history on their own successes, or more frequently on their failures. It is no new thing for politicians to stoop to polite letters, or to the study of art, as an agreeable relaxation from the severer duties of the Senate and of official life. Sir ROBERT WALPOLE was no author, but the fame of the Holkham Gallery is enough to redeem the memory of one of the coarsest of English statesmen. PEEL was a picture-collector. But it has not been always the rule that statesmanship and authorship hang well together on the same shoulders. What was only partially true as regards the orator of whom it was said that he

... to party gave up what was meant for mankind,

applies in all its fulness to a genius so great and original as that of BACON, whose official life was only a prolonged instance of a mistaken or misplaced vocation.

Lord DERBY's appearance as an author, who must have given real labour and much earnest work to a considerable literary achievement, reminds us that among recent and living statesmen there is a particular form in which letters have been successfully cultivated by men of great administrative powers and political eminence. BOLINGBROKE, immersed in intrigue, reflected in his literary career the vices of his political life. He scarcely acknowledged the works upon which his name, such as it is, depends; and JOHNSON's sarcasm, that he left

a legacy to a beggarly Scotchman to explode the sceptical blunderbuss which he had not the courage to fire in person, is scarcely beyond the truth. SHAFTESBURY'S *Characteristics* was a posthumous publication. In the Georgian era, it was perhaps thought that literature was a disqualification for political, as it is still believed to be for legal, eminence. The late Sir GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS is almost the first, as he is certainly the most distinguished, author who has won the highest eminence in either line of life. But in this instance, as certainly in Lord MACAULAY'S, the author overshadows the statesman's fame. Mr. GLADSTONE and Earl DERBY present a closer parallel. They have done well both in letters and in the Cabinet. But their literary are subordinate to their political successes. Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON reverses the picture; so perhaps does Mr. DISRAELI; and Lord WELLESLEY seems only to have fallen back on his first and favourite studies in retirement, while CANNING does not appear to have kept up that elegant scholarship which made his youth famous. But the

Ducere sollicita jucunda obliuia vitæ

can be no motive to the noble translator of the *Iliad*, or to the accomplished author of those exhaustive volumes on HOMER and the Homeric age. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and the PREMIER that was, and that most likely will be again, reflect the bent and bias of our highest form of English education. Eton and Oxford may well point out these faithful reflections of institutions which, after all, have nothing to be ashamed of. To Mr. CORBEN and Mr. CLAY the *Ilissus* may be a paltry stream, and the Scamander a sordid ditch. But even Mr. CORBEN cannot affect to despise the minds which think it no condescension or levity to translate Greek verses, or to give their studious days and anxious vigils to the tale of Troy divine. What is the especial charm which still fires even aged minds steeped from early youth in classical associations, the eulogists of the Mississippi cannot be expected to understand. It is not to be denied that classical literature is a sort of religion in the old education of England, which must be taken for granted, and which it is hardly worth while to apologise for to bystanders. It is not a mere matter of early training; the *quo secul est imbuta* does not go to the full extent of accounting for it. Classical studies bite and eat themselves into an English nature. They will always be breaking out. PITT and FOX, in the very first hour of ease rushing to their VIRGIL and HORACE, alike testify to the enduring vitality and hold which the original masters of taste retain on the educated mind. Lord BROUGHAM and Lord STOWELL prove that the dry smoke of the law cannot quench the divine fire which was originally kindled from the first and greatest lights of civilized life. HALFORD and HOLLAND, in another profession, bear witness to the same insatiable yearning for the classical fountains of our first inspiration. In the Manchester age, when at last it shall receive its full development of purely material wisdom, it may be considered at the best to be an amiable weakness to translate or to comment upon HOMER. "All the works of THUCYDIDES" have been already disparaged in comparison with a single number of the *Times*, which of late years, however, it seems that the profound critic who is insensible of the value of Athenian history does not condescend to peruse. We can quite believe that the unadorned eloquence of the statesman who is cynical upon THUCYDIDES owes but little to PERICLES or DEMOSTHENES. But, on the whole, we have little reason to deplore the continued cultivation, even among practical statesmen, of those studies which some of us think have largely contributed to their freedom of thought, and which none of us can deny to be consistent with business habits of the most honest and laborious kind.

THE AUSTRALIAN FROG.

THERE is always something comical about the indignation of a very small man. He may really have good cause for it. His toes may have been inadvertently trodden upon, or his hat may really have been knocked into the gutter by the elbow of a short-sighted passer-by. But the just grounds for his wrath are entirely forgotten in the absurdity of his mode of expressing it. The more frantic his attempts to look imposing and strike terror into his assailant, the more inextinguishable is the laughter of the spectators. It is a curious fact in natural history, not sufficiently accounted for by philosophers, that when a little man quarrels with a big man he invariably threatens to kick him. The feat is one which, as unassisted reason at once points out, can only be performed, in the case supposed, with the troublesome and somewhat undignified assistance of a stool. The strength of the instinct manifesting itself in spite of the natural disadvantage is a phenomenon worthy the attention of men of science. If we may judge

from the recent example of Australia, it obviously extends itself from individuals to communities. The colony of Victoria, whatever glories its future may offer to the mental vision of enthusiastic diggers, is for the present a very small affair. It is a dangerous thing to tell a colonist that his particular settlement is not the biggest country in the world. He is painfully conscious that he is obliged to supply the deficiencies of the present by the effort of a vivid imagination, and therefore he splutters with more than a Welshman's wrath if a hint of the unpleasant fact drops from any other lips. But the fact remains nevertheless. Victoria has existed for only five-and-twenty years; and its growth in that time, which has undoubtedly been rapid, has been due to large accessions of that estimable portion of society whose prospects in life and natural tastes render gold-digging an attractive employment. Even now, its European population is so scanty that it has been compelled to pass laws to hinder the immigration of Chinamen, lest the colony should become, not European, but Chinese; and its political growth and public spirit are in that condition that it prefers to depend for its defence against aggression, not upon its own strength, but upon such aid as the compassion or the facility of the English taxpayer may be content to concede. Thus prepared for the conflict, it calls for its stool, and lifts up its toe to kick Old England.

The policy of continuing transportation to Western Australia is undoubtedly open to serious question. It is, no doubt, a more convenient, and perhaps a more inexpensive, mode of disposing of our criminals than any other that is at present practicable. It also enriches the Western Australians, who are content with the arrangement and desire that it should continue. On fiscal grounds, therefore, as well as on the bare ground of justice, the practice appears to be unassailable. But it must not be forgotten that our penal system is formed upon other principles besides those of sound finance, or even of strict justice. A moral aim, some hope of raising the morality of our fellow-men, underlies it all. But for this, the simplest plan would be to lock up for life the class of criminals whose presence at large in England causes us alarm. Such a plan would not be unjust, and might be made as cheap as any other. We are deterred from it by a desire, if possible, to reclaim in some degree the criminals in question. But if it appears that a plan which we have adopted for this end has the effect of spreading the infection of crime elsewhere, our moral aim is clearly frustrated. Transportation, therefore, to or near to rising communities, becomes open to the objection that it is either too little or too much. If we care only for bare justice, it is not worth the while; if our aspirations rise to benevolence, it is a failure. But all this is for our own consideration only. It does not give the slenderest handle to these pert colonists for presuming to question the mode in which we please to deal with portions of our own territory with which they have nothing to do, still less for their recent queer attempt to spite us for the course we have taken.

It is impossible not to regard with feelings of some commiseration the expirees who are the subjects of this experiment. It may be that some of them are partially reformed, and have something which may be called a conscience. The position of such a man, if there be one among them, must be embarrassing. He is under an implied contract to commit murder, or at least highway robbery, directly he sets foot in England. Unless he does so, he is clearly disappointing the expectations of his employers in Victoria. They did not spend their money merely to send back harmless and respectable citizens to the Mother-country. Their object was to punish the British community by subjecting it to the same kind of suffering which they say they have undergone from the ravages of the bushrangers who have come over to them from Western Australia. If any of the expirees who are now upon their way to our shores shall neglect to commit a good rousing crime within a reasonable time after his arrival, he will be committing a positive fraud upon the enterprising Australian who paid his passage. If the reforming discipline to which he has been exposed is not a total failure, and the lectures of the Chaplain have not been wholly without effect, he will enjoy no peace of mind until he has garrotted somebody; and if he is at all a man of a high sense of honour, he will feel that so expensive an outlay as that which has been made on his behalf will hardly be repaid until he has damaged at least half a dozen British windpipes. The danger of being possibly hanged in the course of his operations will only stimulate his generous mind to greater exertions. At the same time, he may feel a difficulty in satisfactorily explaining to his old friend the Chaplain, if he should happen to see him, his new profession of garrotting agent to a Crime-exporting Company in Australia;

and it is hardly fair to expose his untutored mind to the casuistical perplexities in which his engagements with his principals will involve him. Even the Australian exporter will occasionally feel embarrassed in his conscience, or whatever passes by that name in his organization. He cannot blind himself to the claim for additional remuneration which an active criminal will have upon him. He cannot treat the timid and slothful expirée who barely fulfils his contract by occasionally picking a pocket, as worthy of the same hire as the indefatigable servant who overawes the whole of Mayfair with a knuckle-duster. At the same time, he must feel some embarrassment as to the legal consequences of the kind of partnership with crime into which he has entered. Murder Companies cannot, in the present state of the law, be formed on the principle of limited liability. If it is proved that he paid the passage of certain criminals to England, because they were criminals, and therefore likely to punish the English for the ravages of the West Australian bushrangers, he will probably be held to have paid their passage with the intent and desire that they should commit crimes on their arrival; and if, on their arrival, they do commit some crime punishable capitally, it may be a nice legal question whether their accomplices across the water is not an accessory before the fact, and whether his own passage ought not accordingly to be taken to a place where short sentences have not been introduced.

There were many reasons which might fairly have induced Mr. CARDWELL to suspend transportation at this time, independently of the complaints of the Australians. The discovery of fertile land likely to be colonized in the immediate neighbourhood of the penal settlement was of itself sufficient to detract seriously from the deterrent effect of the punishment. But it is unfortunate that the concession should have taken place precisely at the moment when the insolence both of the colonists themselves and of their Prime Minister had passed all former example. It will only serve to confirm an impression which is unfortunately prevalent among all the colonies, that the loss of them would be so terrible a calamity to England that she will submit to any wrong or any insult rather than risk it. The unlucky British taxpayer is in hard case. He maintains a number of poor relations, some partially, some almost entirely. It is not only out of pure benevolence, but also, as is the way with rich men, as part of his state and dignity, in order to proclaim to the world how big a man he is. He has been often pressed to get rid of these poor relations. Clever calculators have repeatedly proved to him that they are only a dead weight upon his revenues, and they have even gone so far as to declare to him that, if he would but cast them off, he would not only be a richer man, but a much more powerful man, and that the world would have a greater opinion of him than it has now. He half believes their assurances, but he has always refused to give way. Blood is thicker than water, he says, and he magnanimously announces his determination at all hazards to stand by his poor relations. He has even tried to silence his unwelcome advisers by persuading himself that they are not only no expense but a positive advantage; and that giving them their holdings gratis (which it cost him no small sum to acquire and bring into cultivation), and paying their heavy lawyers' bills incurred in keeping off trespassers, is rather a profitable investment of money than otherwise. Quietly reposing in this magnanimous frame of mind, he is not a little discomposed at being suddenly set upon by his poor relations, all declaring that they know he can't get on without them, that he will be a bankrupt and a beggar, and will end his days in the workhouse, unless they stay with him, and that he must do all kinds of things—pay more money, and give up his rights over more land—if he wishes to retain the privilege of maintaining them. The situation is novel, and we have not quite realized it yet. The British taxpayer is rubbing his eyes and asking himself if these are really the poor relations to whom he thought he had been so generous. But it is evident that his present submissiveness arises more from pure bewilderment than any other feeling. The present relation between the Imperial Government and the Colonies cannot last long if it is to be utilized by the colonists in this fashion. The sentiment of extended empire is strong with the English, as with every other energetic people; but it is rapidly becoming an empire of a very Irish kind. The Imperial authority cannot command, and exists only to pay and to obey. The dependencies are not only independent, but they levy war, with the only missiles at their disposal, against the Mother-country, if it declines to concede demands which no foreign country would dare to make. If the Eastern colonies of Australia were foreign countries, our estimates would be considerably lighter, our self-defence in war would be a far less formidable under-

taking, and we should be free to transport to Western Australia or not, as we thought fit, without any external interference. It is for the Australian colonists to reflect whether this is a view of the subject which it is wise for them to press too forcibly upon the public mind in England.

THE KIRKCALDY SABBATARIANS.

A DISTINGUISHED and witty writer some years ago defended his weekly habit of taking a Sunday walk into the country upon the plea that he preferred reading sermons in stones to hearing sermons from sticks. The Free Kirk in Scotland, acting upon the sacred instinct of self-preservation, prefers to uphold the interests of the sticks. *Il faut vivre*. Sticks must live. When the Presbytery hear of trains running upon the Sunday, they feel that sooner or later they may find themselves in the celebrated position of DEMETRIUS the silversmith. "Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth, and this our craft is in danger to be set at naught." The thought that the Free Kirk's monopoly is really imperilled by lawless locomotives which have contracted the sinful custom of whistling on the Sabbath, and that even Sunday walking sticks may get the better in time of Sunday talking sticks, has set all Kirkcaldy in a glow. The first consequence has been a ceremony of a very gloomy nature. Many things in this world are gloomy. Presbyterian discourses are not themselves invariably the reverse. There are methods of making speech so dreary that a Trappist existence of perpetual silence seems sunshine in comparison. A prison diet of Scotch tracts, with fresh Kirkcaldy ministers turned on every few hours, would damp the cheerfulness even of a lively SILVIO PELLICO far more than the most solitary confinement. But there is something gloomier still, something so ineffably triste that the Free Kirk Presbytery deserve the highest credit for having thought of it. The wind that whistles round Kirkcaldy in the winter cannot itself sound more bleak than the bare idea. It is nothing more or less than a Free Kirk Select Committee to sit upon the subject of Sabbath Observance. The Kirkcaldy Presbytery have actually created this sad-eyed and melancholy monster. To the honour of Scotch martyrology it is, moreover, to be added that men have been found willing to serve upon the Committee in question, and solemnly to draw up a congenial report. They must accordingly be pious and earnest men, and let us hope that they are cheerful people to come across in all the relations of domestic life. Last Wednesday week, the Free Kirk Presbytery met in conclave to listen to the Committee's official report, and a Mr. BALLINGALL was entrusted with the task of reading it aloud. The meeting is considered to have been productive of much spiritual comfort and satisfaction to all concerned; and genuine pleasure was felt and expressed at the talent with which Mr. BALLINGALL's report had sketched off the wickedness of mankind, and the desperate aspect of the spiritual horizon.

The immediate subject of discussion was the prevalence of Sunday luggage-trains, more especially upon the North British line. Mr. BALLINGALL had been round, in the capacity of a walking religious vinaigrette, and had taken the opinion of the porters and the other railway officials. Universal suffrage, according to this gentleman, has condemned the luggage-trains. The only people who still insist upon their running are the railway directors. At first sight it might have been deemed a consolatory thought that Sunday is devoted, on the North British Railway, to the luggage-traffic, for no better proof could be given that there was very little passenger-traffic on that day. Mr. BALLINGALL, however, chose rather to reflect on the cloudy side of the picture; nor, indeed, can it be denied that, if all whistling is a sin, luggage-trains are even more sinful than those devoted to passengers. To a certain extent, even reasonable people may possibly be placed in the singular position of agreeing for once with Mr. BALLINGALL. As a rule, it is obviously to be desired that all stokers, pokers, porters, and station-masters should be at church, or even enjoying moderate rest, rather than that their Sunday should be taken from them. The great excuse, accordingly, for Sunday luggage-trains is not so much that they save time or money as that they save lives. On this principle, it is possible that the directors who order them to run keep nearer to the Divine law than the reckless and fanatical Sabbatarian who would sooner see a railway accident on the Monday than a railway engine with its steam up the day before. The true temper, indeed, of the Kirkcaldy Presbytery was seen when they came to consider Sunday excursions in general. Mr. DOUGLASS of Kirkcaldy complained that the railway companies converted their lines

into machinery for "catering to the wants of the profane and "the dissolute, and for irrigating the country with the scum "of the community." In some such terms the pious Pharisee in the sacred parable might have spoken of his fellow-countryman who stood afar off, who seldom fasted in the week, and sometimes perhaps walked farther than Rabbinical tradition permitted on the Sabbath. To English ears, Mr. DOUGLASS of Kirkcaldy is, and is not unlikely to remain, an unknown personage. His morals are doubtless as austere as his language is uncharitable. He may be an admirable father and husband, though he is probably a dreary kind of person to talk to in a railway train, and not altogether devoid of a passion for administering tracts. But the strange world outside Kirkcaldy will not be disposed to conceive the pleasantest or most respectful estimate of a provincial gentleman who has the impertinence to call all Sunday travellers, who seek health and relaxation in the solitudes of Scotch scenery, by so opprobrious a name. "Scum" is a virulent epithet. Politicians of the high breeding of Mr. ROEBUCK use it in public to denote vast masses of mankind. Moralists and philanthropists are chary of employing it at all about their fellow-creatures. From a religious stand-point its use may be still more questionable. Perhaps we shall not be wrong if, in future, we consider those who apply it wholesale, whether in religion or politics, as humble rivals of the polished statesmanship of Mr. ROEBUCK or the genial piety of Mr. DOUGLASS.

Mr. DOUGLASS had not exhausted his vocabulary even by so sweeping an anathema. He went on to speak of the section of the community which was "opposed to the proper observance of the Lord's Day." "If they could be gathered together," said Mr. DOUGLASS, "the mass would be found to consist of infidels, of latitudinarians, and the blackguardism of the country." Even the male virago who gave utterance to this ridiculous nonsense was hardly perhaps aware of the consequences of his proposition. The "proper observance" of the Sabbath, if it means anything, means such an observance of the day as would seem "proper" to Mr. DOUGLASS. Large numbers of religious men and women in England, if not in Scotland, distinctly regard the Presbyterian view of Sunday as contrary to the very spirit of Christianity, and calculated to do harm to the cause of religion and morality. And these are "the blackguards of the country," says Mr. DOUGLASS, waving his hand at them in a mass. Nor do his puritanical auditors seem to have been struck with the intolerance and absurdity of the statement. No sentiment ever thrust by audacious novelists into the mouth of some Scotch maiden aunt in the recesses of a Highland country house could have been more grotesque, yet Kirkcaldy drank it all down as Gospel truth. Evidently, the charity which thinks no evil is not a member of the Kirkcaldy Presbytery. Mr. DOUGLASS went on to express a hope that the railway officials in general would strike sooner than permit the present "desecration" to continue. Like many of his countrymen, he is a monomaniac upon this one point. That a people so intelligent as the Scotch should allow one extravagant idea to seize upon their minds in this way, and to overshadow all other religious sentiments, is simply marvellous. Wherever a Scotchman goes he carries with him in his head his mania for planting the Scotch "Sabbath." It is as difficult to drive the Scotch Sabbath out as Sydney Smith thought it was to drive a joke in. Contemporaneously with the utterances of the Kirkcaldy Free Kirk, there comes a voice across the seas from Polynesia. The Scotch Sabbath seems to have been planted there among the natives, and to have found an advocate in a clergyman with a name that sounds as if it came from beyond the Tweed. Mr. MACFARLANE, writing for the *Missionary Magazine*, describes plaintively the incursions of the French upon his island, and their determination to turn Mr. MACFARLANE's parishioners into Roman Catholics. The French are accused of forbidding the natives to read the Bible. "The next step," says Mr. MACFARLANE, "will be "to enforce the observance of the Sabbath as in France." Such, in the eyes of Mr. MACFARLANE, is to be the culminating outrage before which even the suppression of the Scriptures themselves would pale. To take the Bible away is bad enough, but to take the Scotch Sabbath away too is a tyranny at which he stands aghast. Even a breechless islander, of the Man Friday cast, would revolt at the idea. Not many years ago, a sceptical writer in a well-known periodical launched a violent attack against English missionaries. He asserted that the effect of their teaching was to destroy life and vitality among their native converts; and it was said at the time that one of the chief evils was the introduction of the missionary Sunday. The accusation was one-sided and unjust; but though Polynesian natives may not be in danger of extirpation from the adoption of Scotch

Sabbatarianism, it is difficult to believe with Mr. MACFARLANE that the regenerated savage must needs view with indignation or disgust any attempt to tamper with the Scotch theory of Sunday. We are not all of us DOUGLASSES or BALLINGALLS. Man is not born with a Judaic turn of mind; unless indeed he is born at Kirkcaldy, which would account for anything. No English counsel would be much valued at that abode of bigots; otherwise Kirkcaldy gentlemen might be delicately advised either to think more gently, or to talk less bitterly, of that great world outside of which they know so little, and which they so sincerely despise.

AMERICA.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S daring march from Atlanta to the South or to the East is probably part of a formidable combination. During the long and bloody campaigns of the present year, the Federal Generals have been more than once compelled to abandon their original plans; but they have learned from experience to depend on the inexhaustible resources of their Government, and the enterprises into which they have been forced as alternative projects are not the least hopeful of the war. Newspaper correspondents endeavour to prove, with untiring adulation, that every change of base or of object is but a portion of a predetermined scheme. According to his faithful sycophants, GRANT advanced on Richmond from the North that he might besiege it on the South, and SHERMAN commenced the formation of vast magazines at Atlanta with the intention of emptying and destroying them. Military ability is, however, shown as strongly in ready adaptation to circumstances as in original foresight. It is certain that, when SHERMAN arrived at Atlanta after an arduous campaign, he intended to make it another link in the chain of posts of which Nashville was the extremity and Chattanooga the centre. His own apology for the expulsion of the whole population was founded on an alleged military necessity which has already ceased to exist. As there is no reason for accusing him of wanton and purposeless inhumanity, it is certain that he would have continued to hold Atlanta if his designs had not been changed by BEAUREGARD's bold attack upon his communications. While the Confederate army was still in Southern Georgia, SHERMAN had distributed a large force along the railway from Chattanooga to Atlanta. Every bridge on the line had its guard-house, and the intervening length of road was regularly patrolled. Small detachments of the enemy could effect no serious damage, and no apprehension was entertained of an attack in force. When HOOD passed round his right wing, SHERMAN immediately followed him with a superior force, leaving a competent garrison in Atlanta. The Confederates retreated before him towards Tennessee and Alabama, but SHERMAN knew that, as soon as he withdrew his army southward, the enemy would again intercept his communications. He had previously ascertained that his occupation of the railway failed to involve the conquest of the adjacent country, and no adequate advantage was to be gained by following HOOD to the westward, especially as there was little hope of forcing him to a battle. In the presence of unexpected complications, SHERMAN determined on changing the whole plan of the campaign. He has postponed the conquest of Georgia and the anticipated overthrow of BEAUREGARD for the purpose of inflicting serious damage on the enemy in another quarter, and of ultimately combining his movements with GRANT's operations against Richmond.

His first efforts were directed to the partial repair of the Chattanooga railway, for the purpose of hurrying stores and reinforcements as rapidly as possible to the front. At the same time, he made demonstrations against HOOD's army in the direction of Alabama; and, as soon as his preparations were complete, he organized a vast moveable column of 50,000 men, including a considerable force of cavalry, and moved rapidly to the South of Atlanta. General THOMAS, the ablest of his lieutenants, is left to hold BEAUREGARD and HOOD in check, while the main army, with thirty days' rations, moves through an untouched country, in which, for the present, there is no serious opposition to be feared. It is calculated, by sanguine Federal writers, that he will occupy a month in reaching the coast at Mobile, at Savannah, or at Beaufort; and, unless his progress is checked, he will be able to derive supplies at an earlier period from the flotillas which will await his appearance. In a general order, he has taken the apparently superfluous precaution of directing officers and men to forage as liberally as possible, and to devastate the country as they pass; and there can be no doubt that the army will provide itself with large additions to the stores which accompany its march. But generals have often found that habits of plunder

demoralize the soldiery; and the Confederate detachments which may be collected to oppose the advance, although they may not be strong enough to offer battle, will not fail to intercept foragers and stragglers, and to compel the army to march in a concentrated form. If the distance to be traversed amounts to three hundred miles, the expedition will occupy more than thirty days. An army which has broken loose from its base must carry with it cumbrous trains of provisions and ammunition, and the sick and wounded will constantly accumulate as the column advances. The Confederate Generals will not fail to take every method of delaying SHERMAN's march by breaking up the roads, and perhaps by wasting the country in his front. A mere ditch or a fence, which delays a regiment for an hour, may sometimes involve the loss of a day, and although there is nothing to dread in the genial climate of Georgia from the cold of winter, a rainy season might almost render the roads impassable. It is not known whether Macon or Augusta is sufficiently fortified to defy a sudden assault; but unless SHERMAN can take either place on his march, he must leave it in his rear, as he has neither time nor means for undertaking a regular siege. At Macon his object would perhaps be sufficiently attained by breaking up the railroads, and it is not known whether he intends to approach Augusta. The State militiamen of Georgia ought to be able to defend fortifications, if there is time to recall them to the field after their premature disbandment.

The success which has hitherto attended SHERMAN since the check which he sustained in the early spring raises a presumption in favour of the practicability of his present enterprise. Although General BEAUREGARD promises assistance to the people of Georgia, it is doubtful whether he can confront SHERMAN with an equal force, and at the same time prevent THOMAS from overrunning the country which the Confederates have, during the present year, recovered on the East of the Mississippi. The rumour that General LEE has detached a large portion of the army of the Shenandoah to resist SHERMAN's advance, still requires confirmation; and the great importance which the Confederate Commander-in-Chief has attached to the possession of North-Western Virginia renders it improbable that he should leave SHERIDAN at liberty to advance without serious opposition towards Lynchburg. If, however, SHERMAN is baffled in his undertaking, the balance of advantage during the past year will have been largely in favour of the Confederates. On the other hand, Richmond would be in imminent danger if SHERMAN succeeded in reaching Beaufort with a large and effective army. It would be almost impossible, against such an addition to the enemy's force, for LEE to maintain his communications with the South and with the West. Yet, in the last resort, he could easily secure a retreat into Tennessee, where the Federals are already hard pressed by some of his officers. The war would certainly not be terminated by the loss of Virginia, if the entire country to the West of the mountains and to the frontier of Kentucky were occupied by the Confederates. It is impossible that SHERMAN should conquer any part of Georgia, although he may make his way from one end of the State to the other. Alabama, nearly the whole of Mississippi, and the greater part of Louisiana are now free from the presence of the invader; and even if SHERMAN arrived on the coast with an unbroken army, the territory which he had proposed to recover to the Union is now in the undisputed possession of the Confederates. If LEE were forced to evacuate Richmond, he would probably be able to reconquer Nashville, which is already annoyed, if not seriously threatened, by the operations of Confederate detachments.

The atrocious attempt to burn New York is undoubtedly the work of some irresponsible fanatic, but it will of course be attributed to the Southern Government, or perhaps to one of its generals. The outrage will provide a new excitement, in addition to the sanguine anticipations which are founded upon SHERMAN's march. Political agitation has naturally subsided since the decisive result of the Presidential election, and, as usual, not the smallest interest is felt in the approaching meeting of Congress. A legislative Assembly which exercises no control over administration or general policy is likely both to incur and to deserve contemptuous indifference. The Congress has, in its last Session, voted all the measures which the Government proposed; and, if further loans or taxes are demanded, they will be granted without hesitation. The members will be at a loss for subject-matter for their speeches, as there is no longer any Presidential election to discuss; but their assemblage will create some curiosity, as it will enable Mr. LINCOLN, in his annual Message, to announce his intentions, and to explain the prospects of the Government. The reports of the SECRETARIES of WAR and of the TREASURY will

probably throw some light on the progress of enlistment, and on the condition of the finances. Mr. FESSENDEN has hitherto been fortunate in borrowing, and he has consequently not been forced to issue additional amounts of paper currency. The comparatively moderate premium on gold represents a rapid increase of the debt, and of the proportion of annual charge to the entire capital. The interest probably by this time absorbs the produce of the taxes, but, as long as loans can be negotiated, the deficiency of revenue will cause no serious embarrassment. The Confederates will regard with keener anxiety Mr. STANTON's account of the supply of recruits for the army. It is certain that the wants of the different generals have been lavishly supplied, and possibly the original numbers of the army may have been maintained, notwithstanding the great expenditure of life during the year. With abundance of men and money at his disposal, the PRESIDENT will probably announce to Congress the approaching termination of a struggle which to outside observers seems endless.

ADMIRALTY REVELATIONS.

THE mysterious Board has spoken within the compass of a week by the mouths of its Secretary and Civil Lord, and though dark hints of possible retrenchment are artistically woven into the web, the fabric is, at the same time, judiciously shot with threads of a different colour, in the shape of intimations of the costly work which the Navy undoubtedly still requires. Evidently the world has gone forth to pitch the key-note so as to suit any strain, from the lowest depths of economy to the highest point of efficiency, and both Mr. CHILDERS and Lord CLARENCE PAGET deserve to be complimented on the address with which they have left it open to the Government either to reduce or increase the Estimates as may be found judicious. To one branch of expenditure the Admiralty does, indeed, seem to be committed. The extension of the accommodation of the Dockyards has become a necessity of so alarming a kind that it is no longer possible to postpone it after the fashion which has been in vogue for many years. Prolonged pressure has at length told upon the Admiralty, and a want which has been over and over again proclaimed by the best officers in the service, and has now been recognised by the Report of a Committee, will in some measure be supplied. It would absorb the Estimates of several years to provide our Navy with the docks and basins which are immediately required, but it is something to learn that the Admiralty has opened its eyes, and that, however inadequately, an effort will be made to bring the Dockyards a little nearer to the scale which the fleet requires than they have been since the practice of building large ships was introduced. A speech which contains so important an announcement cannot be considered empty, but it is obvious enough that both of the representatives of the Admiralty were under orders to say as little as possible. Nearly the whole of their eloquence was expended on the usual platitudes about the Danish war, the cotton difficulty, and the merits of a Government which has been able, thanks to Mr. GLADSTONE, to remit taxes with a freer hand than ever. Mr. CHILDERS may be engaged in prosecuting the improvements which were interrupted by the discovery of Mr. STANSFELD's Mazzinian proclivities, but, if so, he has had no success which he thinks it worth while to boast of. Lord CLARENCE may have to congratulate the country on the approaching fulfilment of Mr. REED's promises to mount the heaviest ordnance broadside fashion on the smallest craft; but, if the problem has been solved, the great discovery is kept in impenetrable darkness—ready, no doubt, to be produced in the House of Commons, to confound the objections of carping critics. The Naval Reserve, we are told, has risen to the strength of 16,000, and the supposed difficulty of manning the *Victoria* is disposed of by a dashing statement, which we observe, does not mention the rumour that another ship of at least equal efficiency was put out of commission to supply a portion of the crew. We do not, however, believe that the embarrassment which was once caused by the want of seamen is any longer a serious difficulty, and, if it should again become of importance, the remedy is known. The training schools for boys, the complement of which was so injudiciously reduced last year, can always be restored to such a scale as to furnish an adequate supply in time of peace; and, if war comes, the growing strength of the Naval Reserve offers a resource from which abundant supplies of first-class seamen will always be forthcoming.

There were two topics which have obtained so much notoriety of late that it was impossible to pass them over

without some discussion, and the delightful harmony which is found in the speeches of Mr. CHILDERS and Lord CLARENCE PAGET testifies to the care with which the line of defence was settled in consultation. There can be no doubt that the best excuse (bad as it may be thought) for the commissioning of the *Victoria* as the Mediterranean flagship was the fact that it has been the practice to house an admiral in a three-decker; and if the apologists of the Admiralty had been content to say this, without attempting to prove that the old-fashioned custom was the best in the world, there would not have been much to complain of. Even a wooden line-of-battle ship will serve to keep a thousand men in training, however useless she might be in the face of an iron squadron; and it is to be hoped that a war will not arise so suddenly as not to give time for the substitution of a fighting ship, before the commencement of actual hostilities, within a week's sail of Portsmouth. The time will come, no doubt, when our iron fleet will be sufficiently advanced to absorb all the men whom it may be advisable to keep afloat in time of peace; but as yet we must keep some wooden ships at sea, and, that being so, there is no great harm in giving the admiral on our most important station as roomy a ship as he can desire. The case, however, was, to say the least, considerably over-argued when it was said that because, what with staff and supernumeraries, the Admiral would sometimes have a following of 200 men, it was necessary to provide him with a ship carrying a crew 1,000 strong and 100 guns, with the full conviction that they never could be used in a real engagement.

The remarks about the *Royal Sovereign* with which Lord CLARENCE wound up his speech are of much more moment than any squabble about the choice of a flagship. One excuse put forward for dismantling the vessel is ludicrous in the extreme. It seems that her hawse-holes were damaged, and that her gun-carriages ought to be of iron instead of wood. It would be an equally good reason for disbanding an army to say that the General's tobacco-stopper was damaged, and that he required an iron instead of a wooden bedstead. If these are the only particulars that Lord CLARENCE can furnish, it may be reasonably doubted whether her supposed need of repairs had much to do with the fate of the *Royal Sovereign*. A better approach to a reason is supplied by the allegation that the efficiency of her turrets can be tested not less effectually in Portsmouth Harbour than at sea, and if the fact could be credited there would be little more to say on the subject. The anxiety which was felt on the subject of this ship was known to arise from the doubt whether the Admiralty were disposed to give fair play to the invention. If the Secretary really represents the opinion of the Board, it would seem that the merits of Captain COLE's design are at length appreciated. We are told that, so far as the trials have gone, the turret principle has proved a great success. "The various difficulties," says Lord CLARENCE PAGET, "which were expected by many to arise, have vanished in practice, and I am one of those who have ever been very sanguine that this new system of defence will take a great place in the naval armaments of this country. . . . So impressed are we with the success of the turrets, as far as they have worked, that we have now under consideration the conversion of one of our large armour-plated ships, which is now under construction, into a ship upon that principle." Lord CLARENCE PAGET claims, and has a right to claim, a candid and impartial hearing for his explanations on this subject. No one will imagine that the brief trials of the *Royal Sovereign* can be conclusive on the advantages of turrets, and all that is desired is that every possible opportunity should be seized for testing the plan, not only for smooth-water vessels, to which it has almost exclusively been applied, but for sea-going ships capable of carrying the British flag to all parts of the world. It is always idle to complain of past neglect, except for the purpose of guarding against a repetition of the fault; but no one who knows that it is ten years since Captain COLES propounded his scheme can believe that the Admiralty has done all that it should have done in producing, after so long an interval, a single ship neither capable nor intended to serve in a line of battle at sea. That the *Royal Sovereign* herself, however successful, is but an economical makeshift, is now acknowledged, and if, in the end, the turret principle should prove to be sound, the conclusion is irresistible, that the fact ought to have been ascertained in time to give us at the present moment a fleet of sea-going ships of this construction in place of a solitary guard-ship. The same sluggishness which postponed the recognition of the value of steel shot until many years after the discovery was known to every practical artillerist has, up to this day, prevented the construction of

a cruiser on the turret principle. The project of converting a half-finished iron-clad into a cupola ship may be so far right that it will enable the experiment to be tried somewhat earlier than if a new vessel were designed for the purpose. But no trial can ever be conclusive until a ship has been built on lines expressly designed for this peculiar construction; and however excusable the projected conversion may be as a means of obviating some of the consequences of past delay, it can never be accepted as a satisfactory substitute for the building of a vessel designed from the first for the special duty of carrying turret-mounted guns. If, simultaneously with the conversion of some ship already on the stocks, an entirely new vessel is put in hand without delay to test the principle without favour or prejudice, the past indifference of the Admiralty may perhaps be condoned. But if this second experiment is only a repetition of the tactics of the first—if public impatience is to be quieted by the pretence of building a ship which, when finished, will be pronounced, like the *Sovereign*, only an imperfect specimen of the class to which she belongs—it may happen that the dilatoriness of our officials will leave us destitute of the most effectual defence at a time when defences may be urgently called for. Whatever may be the political ends to be secured by retrenchment, we do hope that no false economy will longer delay the full and fair trial of an experiment the preliminary stage of which, as represented by the *Royal Sovereign*, has been pronounced so complete a success. A turret-guardship has been produced, and it is time that it should be known whether Captain COLES is right or wrong in saying that his mode of armament is especially adapted to sea-going cruisers. If the Admiralty will but give a fair trial to this most important experiment they will gain an amount of toleration for minor blunders to which they will, beyond all doubt, have abundant occasion to appeal. Let them only perfect, with all possible speed, the construction of the iron-clad fleet on models which will admit of the use of 300 or perhaps 600-pounders, and they will, for some time at any rate, gain something like impunity for such comparatively harmless freaks as the commissioning of a three-decked palace for the Admiral on the Mediterranean station.

MEANNESS.

THERE is nothing men fear more than the charge of meanness. To be called mean is to be done for with a good many people; and perhaps half the liberality in the world is a tax paid to escape the imputation. It is the charge, however, rather than the thing itself which is dreaded; whether it be that persons cannot suppose it possible of themselves to fall so far below the heroic as to commit a mean action, or that they have a different estimate from the public one, and are content to be what others pronounce mean, so long as society knows nothing of it. It is certain that many things are called mean unfairly, and that the world has a very coarse standard on this point, as well as a shifting one—a standard differing widely in different circles, as men's interests or passions are concerned. In this matter men judge from their own point of view. Poor Toot's pugilistic friend, who was all for pluck and self-assertion, pronounced his patron mean on the occasion of his giving up his love to the man she preferred, and was disgusted accordingly; and this judgment represents a great many opinions. People who stand up boldly for themselves are not often called mean, though there may be an incredible meanness at the bottom of a free, confident, open-handed manner, extremely taking with people who know only the outside. The man who gives a shilling where others give sixpence, and is lavish of half-crowns, is certain to have generosity attributed to him by the recipients of his bounty, though he backbites his friends, never goes out of his way to do a generous thing, blinks all occasions of liberality where no credit is to be got, and is actuated solely by the desire to stand well with his own world.

Everybody feels it horrible to be mean. The man who realizes it of himself, and knows that his own is also the world's verdict, suffers the extremity of human degradation. And yet this horror and disgrace is so far difficult to account for that no one can say the charge separates him from humanity. It tells something for our aspirations that failure in nobleness should be felt to be so deep a stain when, in fact, it is so common; when meanness—that is, conduct which can only properly be described as mean—is to be detected almost universally where the temptation to it has been strong enough. We are not inviting our readers to look among their personal friends for confirmation of our odious assumption. Reading, perhaps more than actual experience, presses this conviction on us; for all history, especially history treated in modern fashion, betrays this ignominy. What do all these searches into archives and documents show, but that the high actors in great events were mean? We knew they were bad in other ways, and we made allowance for temptations; but now we see they could be mean. What makes the outcry against our poor Elizabeth? When put to it, she could do a shabby thing—

a meanness which cannot be explained away. Gloriana might be passionate, jealous, vain, tyrannical, upon provocation—but mean!—the rays of that bright Occidental star are in danger of being quenched in a fog; for here is a defect we cannot look over. And the biographies of men intellectually great inflict quite as keen wounds on our sensitiveness. The lives of our poets are as depressing reading, in this one respect, as any we know—those of our noble writers, our wits, our moralists even. What Dryden, Pope and his set, and all the rest of them—names one does not like to set down here—could do! the things they could say of each other! the little envies, and poor rivalries, and unworthy tricks, and gross flatteries! And these were men, too, whose power and intellect might have removed them from all shadow of temptation. And, to come to our own time, how few memoirs that are not mere eulogies do not hint at some kindred blot exciting inquiry, something that has to be apologized for and explained, something that offends our moral sense—some shirk, some subterfuge, some suspicion of shabbiness which looks awkward, to say the least of it! How few who have been concerned in intricate transactions, involving conflicting interests, high hopes, great risks, strong rivalries, have succeeded in satisfying our high standard of honour! As we read, we contrast our purer and exacter sense of fairness with this slippery self-regard; we feel our own superiority to such temptation, and sigh and wonder as over something unaccountable. The overriding necessity to accomplish an end, which lies at the bottom of isolated cases of a meanness at odds with the man's general character, is not felt by the reader. There is an exaggerated view of things which possesses actors in the game, inducing a mistrust of themselves when the turning-point comes, which makes them victims of a cunning foreign to their ordinary nature. If people could trust themselves in critical occasions, as they do in their cooler moments, these things would not happen. We none of us know how far our code would relax when everything turns upon it. We are not defending meanness; we are only saying that there are occasions when it is a virtue not to be mean, which in the common course of life it is not. It is sometimes, indeed, the highest heroism. Thus nothing is meaner than for the strong to leave the weak to shift for themselves in a difficulty. Yet when the soldiers in the sinking *Birkenhead* suffered the boats to be filled with women and children while they remained to go down together, each man in his place, Sir William Napier with justice pronounces it an act of heroism “unsurpassed in the most noble of the noblest.” Here there is no medium between the extremes of praise and blame. We should have called the men base if they had deserted the helpless in this extremity; yet we call them heroes because they resisted the greatest of all temptations.

To commit an occasional meanness, therefore, is not necessarily to be mean. When we come to analyse meanness where it tinctures the whole character, we find it to consist in the aim to secure what body and soul desire without adequate payment; as the mean among the rich and great expect all the privileges of position without fulfilling its obligations. The mean man will lay himself out to get even regard and affection at the cheapest rate, and will please himself with making as little return for kindness, service, and attention as his practised ingenuity can devise; and this not from mere avarice, but from the satisfaction of making a good bargain. He has a positive pleasure in doing his friendship cheap, and repaying its obligations in that which costs him least. Almost every act of meanness is founded on the notion of some unfair or inadequate exchange—giving less than a thing is worth—putting off some sham, or what at least is valueless to the giver, as a pretended equivalent; whether it is gross flattery for solid pudding, professions and promises for deeds, old things for new, gifts of what the owner finds no use for in return for real benefactions, or barren thanks where services should be paid for in a more substantial currency. Thus meanness is underhand, and has always some private understanding with itself. It is an endeavour to get more for money than money's worth. It is always eluding or evading fit returns, ever ready with some subterfuge at a pinch; it hedges, shirks, and is great at excuses; its gifts are all blown upon. It cannot bear separating what it cares for from its own uses; and, on the other hand, makes use of every person and influence within its sphere. Meanness will not give respect or even pity gratis, and therefore never shows itself less pleasantly than in face of distress, whether in the shape of fallen greatness or of humbler misery entirely helpless and abject. Thus a mob will hoot at a deposed king, and a judge has been known to play off his wit at a wretched prisoner's expense. It was a like meanness of that appetite-hunting nobleman who, being asked for money by a beggar, on the plea that he was famishing with hunger, declared him a happy fellow, and “envied him too much to relieve him.” There is always some trick in meanness; things are said and done for something different from their avowed or implied purpose. Avarice is constantly confounded with meanness because it is apt to betray its victims in this direction, but in fact it is an honest thing. It is a question for the casuists which impulse predominated in the case of the great Duke of Marlborough, who, having left off the winner of sixpence after an evening at piquet, insisted with troublesome importunity that his friend should get change for a guinea in order to pay him, on the ground that he wanted the sixpence for his chair home. He carried his point, got the sixpence, and—walked home. If he intended to walk from the first, it was mean, but we prefer to suppose that the fatal touch of the silver overcame him on the instant; the cheat was put, not upon his friend, but himself. It

cannot be denied, however, that this fatal fascination of coin on the senses—the sordid love of the touch, the chink, and the sight of it—has a great deal to do with the more notorious exhibitions of meanness, though it is not of the essence of it. This weakness is compatible with great liberality where the stroke of a pen can remove large sums from the owner's possession. Some people prefer to pay their small debts in cheques rather than specie, on this ground, and as sparing them the lavish sensation of perpetually dipping into their purse. It is certain that men may give their thousands and not be safe in this particular. They may reserve only half, or a tenth, or a hundredth of their income for their own expenses, and yet be mean about that hundredth, wanting in proper liberality, exacting, grudging a fair and just return for the services of dependents. In serene self-confidence, the profuse giver may be allowing some hidden tendency to get the upper hand, and while he thinks of his large sacrifices the people about him never knew him so sharp at a bargain, so close-fisted, so vigilant in getting something more than his pennyworth for his penny. Not that this phase of the infirmity is one to excite much disgust; it is rather an eccentricity than a crime. It is but too natural to give way, to collapse, after some great effort, and we see that some closeness is necessary in all large givers;

For none can spend like him who learns to spare.

And in this sparing it is so hard to hit the golden mean!

There is no subject in greater favour with satirists than meanness, nor is there a surer card with a certain class of readers; but it is not really a good subject for delineation in its bare degradation. To say nothing of French writers who delight in a base minuteness of portraiture, Mr. Dickens, Mr. Trollope, even Thackeray, never keep so near the ground as when drawing some sordid picture of meanness in elaborate detail. It is necessary, too, to make it exaggerated and extreme, to avoid treading on the reader's toes; and thus it is often a mere caricature of some disease of nature which we ought to shut our eyes upon rather than expose. The real curiosity and interest of the thing and all its teaching are to be found in the study of the real living subject, when meanness is not seldom modified by countervailing influences into a sort of picturesque incompatibility with sympathy, or is painfully startling from its discordance with our ideas of congruity. The meanness of great wits often seems to imply that some moral obliquity must result (as we see in the case of precocious children) from a want of harmony of parts and an excessive disproportioned development of the brain. There is something awful in the meanness of such minds as Bacon and Goethe, viewed in connexion with a gigantic intellect, which tempers our disgust with wonder and a cast of tragic pity; whereas all mere fancy pictures of this pettiest of vices induce in their readers a poor smug complacency. It depends curiously on the humour of the writer or historian how far this quality tinctures the characters with which they deal. In the grand style we detect very little of what is merely mean; the personages are great in their errors as well as in their virtues; but the more familiar searchers into motives have a scent for meanness which amounts to an instinct, and in this department—in showing the poor figure our poets sometimes make—no one is better at smelling a rat than Dr. Johnson, or more unflinching, in a finely candid way, in exposing it.

Meanness need not be in the act itself, but may depend on the person that performs it. A poor man, or one of the humblest class, is not mean to claim the reward for a lost article restored; but we should consider a gentleman mean who exacted his rights in this respect. Nor is it mean, as some people think, for servants and officials to receive gratuities for extra services, though some persons shrink from this form of remuneration from mistaken ideas on the subject. Nothing strikes this class as more contemptible than mere grateful thanks when they know that the obliged person is in a position to express his sense of obligation in a more serviceable form, and find him profuse of words in proportion as he is sparing of other things. But, independently of self-interest, no class is so critical and suspicious of meanness as the poor in their estimate of their betters. And we may add a word on another aspect of the subject. There are people, now-a-days, who have not words to express their disgust at the meanness of men who, in serving God and doing their duty, avow the hope of heaven as a motive, and not solely the love of good for its own sake. But there is usually a bombastic inflation of language in this strain which shows that no strict analogy can rationally be drawn between the deportment of man with his equal and of man with his Maker, towards whom we cannot do otherwise than give inadequate offerings of faith and service, with the hope of, and even, as it seems to us, some view to, immeasurably greater returns.

It is perhaps a fit, but not very agreeable, conclusion to arrive at, after the consideration of this subject, that people, gentle or simple, are never in such danger of being mean, and never betray such a fellowship with the thing itself, as when they are readiest to charge meanness against others, and occupy themselves most with the tricks and shabbinesses of the people about them or concerned with them.

HISTORICAL NOVELS.

THE influence of novels upon morality has afforded texts to a good many sermons. As a natural consequence, its importance has been absurdly exaggerated. A preacher generally is, and always ought to be, a temporary victim to the delusion which

attributes every evil in the world to some one cause—whether that cause be drinking, defective drainage, or the awful extension of sensation novels. Every iconoclast thinks his own Mumbo-Jumbo the worst of all possible idols. Novels, we might have hoped, would be too small game to afford much zest to persecutors; at any rate, like tobacco and other essential elements of civilization, they will doubtless rise superior to the misguided zeal of over-delicate moralists. From the feeble assaults that have been made upon their art, authors of novels may, however, learn one lesson—namely, to keep as shy as possible of all moral tendency whatever. An attack upon the Ten Commandments is doubtless the worst crime of a novelist, as well as of any other writer; but the crime of next magnitude of which he can be guilty is to take the Ten Commandments under his patronage. The evils of such advocacy both to morality and to the novel have to be occasionally exposed on new outbreaks of the tendency to run sermons into the mould of romances. The deadly dullness which overspreads both the story and the good advice is a sufficient penalty; and the certainty of suffering for that one unpardonable sin is, we will hope, beginning to be understood.

There is another disease to which novels are liable, the evils of which are less generally recognised. To confound a novel with a theological treatise is perhaps the worst blunder, but it is one which has few temptations for any writer of artistic perceptions. To confound novels with history is, as a rule, almost equally fatal, and it is specially annoying, because its apparent ease often entices the ablest writers to undertake an impossible task. We do not venture to assert that in all cases an historical novel is a monstrosity in literature, for such an assertion would be to invite contradiction from every one who had a favourite writer to defend; but, begging every reader to make such exceptions as he chooses, we believe the general rule to be that a good historical novel, like a good translation, is amongst the rarest of literary products. Innumerable failures have only increased the number of candidates for success in translating Homer. The result has hitherto been (we here pronounce no judgment on the latest aspirant) that, out of ten given translators, any nine always say that the tenth is execrable. One is sometimes driven by the multitude of requirements to the conclusion that a good translation is a sheer impossibility. The problem, until solved by success, remains, like the attempt to find perpetual motion or to square the circle, a charming employment for youthful aspirants too rash or too ignorant to be warned by the fate of predecessors. The conditions to be satisfied by the historical novelist are almost equally numerous and incompatible. Both writers have to put new wine into old bottles. The translator has to resuscitate antique and alien modes of thought, and to produce with them, when clothed in an English dress, the same effects to which they originally gave rise. The historical novelist has equally to revive pictures long since faded, and to appeal to our sympathy by extinct passions and perplexities. If he is not confined to such narrow limits as the translator, he has less to guide him. The temptation to do for us now what our ancestors have thoughtlessly left undone is so great that many novelists have overlooked both the slenderness of their information and the difficulty of complying with the necessary conditions. They have manufactured dreary articles by the well-known process of combining the information derived from a dictionary of antiquities with recollections of former romances. Sometimes, as in those dismal productions, *Gallus* and *Charicles*, the story is felt to be a mere thread for stringing together detached pieces of useful information; or, more fortunately, you feel that the characters are real English men and women walking about, in contempt of anachronism, say, in the last days of Pompeii, sadly hampered in their movements by an irrelevant masquerade. It seems to be scarcely possible for any genius satisfactorily to fuse the two elements. Sir Walter Scott may be supposed to have set the fashion. He is generally held to have written some good historical novels. We do not class amongst them those which, like *Waverley*, refer to a state of society scarcely removed from his own experience. But we must confess, however much it may make against our theory, that *Ivanhoe* is an undeniably good novel, if the test of a good novel is the impossibility of closing it before reaching the last page. Nevertheless, on prying profanely even into *Ivanhoe*, and shutting our eyes resolutely to the irrepressible vigour and spirit of the style, it is easy to find fault. The characters are, for the most part, mere lay-figures, carrying about assortments of mediæval implements of doubtful authenticity. They talk a strange gibberish of stilted twaddle mixed with strange oaths, such as we presume no human beings ever talked; they act on motives so strangely removed from all ordinary canons of criticism that, when the Templar dies promiscuously out of sheer regard for the exigencies of the story, we scarcely feel surprised. In that unaccountable world, "strong men" may have been in the habit of suddenly "dying in their agony," without any assignable cause. Even Rebecca—for whom Mr. Thackeray so characteristically expressed his affection—is ostentatiously and unpleasantly impossible. In fact, *Ivanhoe* is a book which boys of any sense delight to read, and which men look at again with pleasure because they liked it when boys; but it supposes a world so unreal that the passions by which it is moved can hardly affect our sympathy. This becomes more strikingly true when we contrast these unrealities with the exquisite pictures of Scotch life in the *Antiquary* or *Guy Rannering*. *Ivanhoe* occupies to them the same relation as the carpenter's Gothic of sixty years ago to the best modern architecture. It may be

that a more thorough scholarship would have enabled Scott to people the middle ages with characters as real and living as Dandie Dinmont or Edie Ochiltree. But equally ill success has attended most efforts made with more elaborate precautions. Mr. Thackeray's *Esmond* is a miracle of imitative art. The costumes and scenery are perfect. It is scarcely possible for the keenest-scented critic to unearth an anachronism. The age, moreover, to which it applies is one not too far removed from us to allow us to sympathize with the motives and the fortunes of the actors. And yet it seems to us that the success was obtained at the expense of smothering the vitality of the book. Though in many respects exquisitely written, it is the work of a man working under restraint; he excites our wonder, like the Messrs. Davenport performing on the banjo. It is not that their performance is by any means a miracle of musical art, but it is strange that they should be able to play at all when they are tied hand and foot. Thus no man, woman, or child in *Esmond* ever says anything that he or she might not have said in the reign of Queen Anne. But, after all, they are modern characters in more or less disguise, and afraid of their disguise slipping off; they have to step carefully, lest it should appear that they are mere impostors, sneaking about a century and a half before their birth. *Esmond* is a Pendennis of the eighteenth century, but in the transition all the little roughnesses and angularities which are the best indications of his character seem to have been rubbed off or concealed by his disguise. The difficulty is enormous of finding modes of displaying character when they must not involve anachronisms, and when, if they are not anachronisms, your readers will probably miss their point. But upon the use made of the smaller indications of character all the delicacy of novel-writing depends.

The extreme difficulty of writing an historical novel which shall be at once correct in all the little points of keeping, and vigorous in its description of character, is obvious. The mind of the writer must be thoroughly saturated with a severe course of antiquarian knowledge as the first preliminary. He must afterwards execute a series of *tours de force*, to keep himself in the correct attitude through every consecutive sentence of his book. If this is not enough to quench his ardour, he will have the pleasant reflection that the truer he is to his model the more remote he will become from the sympathies of his readers. The temptation to introduce some touch of modern, and therefore inappropriate, sentiment is almost irresistible. The difficulty becomes still more obvious on considering the cause of the success of most of the eminently successful modern novels. The great charm of them is that they convey pleasantly the results of personal observation and sometimes of personal experience. They are, for the most part, thinly disguised memoirs by contemporaries or autobiographies. Miss Austen is a remarkable instance of effect produced by merely noting down the commonest sights with an eye guided by delicate powers of observation. The daily gossip of the most uninteresting class of society in the dreariest villages in one of the most prosaic periods of history is strangely converted into a work of exquisite art. Miss Brontë may be taken to represent the autobiographical novelist. The life of a governess at Brussels, or of a girl in an orphan school in Yorkshire, does not suggest a very exciting programme; yet the extraordinary keenness with which she had felt the position herself enabled her to make all England follow breathlessly the adventures of Jane Eyre or Lucy Snow. If Miss Brontë had written about any other subject than herself, her books would probably have never got to a second edition. It would be easy to trace, in the best novels of the day, how many pieces owe their merit to the fact that they describe the novelist himself in masquerade; they have something of the interest of confessions, without disgusting us by obviously morbid sentiment. If we subtracted all the descriptions which are in fact veiled accounts of the writer's own experience and observation, we should reduce the best novels to an empty husk. The story might remain, but the characters would become blank lay-figures. And this is what historical novelists for the most part undertake to do. The whole of the scenery, in the widest sense, must be supplied from the memory, not of things, but of books. In other words, the writer must reproduce for us, not living impressions, but cram. We cannot but feel this even in reading that remarkable book, *Romola*. It is admirably written, and the conception of many of the characters is really poetical. But it is given to no one to move quite freely in such fetters. We often feel painfully that the necessity of a wary avoidance of anachronisms acts as a heavy constraint upon the writer. It is especially in the humorous parts, which require the most spontaneous effort, that this burden makes itself felt. There is a heavy fall from the natural wit of Mrs. Poyser to the elaborate facetiousness which stands for practical joking in Florence in the middle ages. In short, in writing novels, the work should come from a full mind, not from one diligently furnished with information for the purpose; and every artificial impediment to action should be thrown to the winds. It is rare indeed to find any one whose knowledge is equal to the task of writing an historical novel, and who prefers it to writing a history.

Thus far we have spoken of the evils which this unnatural combination of arts produces upon the novelist. The evil of spoiling a few novels may not perhaps be a very great one, when we consider what a bountiful provision nature has made for keeping up the species. It is, however, always annoying to see great powers thrown away—to see an artist endeavouring to paint with a broom

instead of a brush, or a musician elaborately performing upon the marrowbones and cleaver. If historical novels, except in rare circumstances, are an illegitimate form of art, it is desirable to warn off from the path any one who could do well in the more direct way. The evil, however, does not end in its effect upon romance; it is perhaps felt more strongly in its reaction upon history. If, as we have said, an historical novel is *per se* a bad thing, it does not require much argument to show that it can at least do no good as a history. If it is dull as a novel, it is certainly stupid as a means of conveying information. In the good books by which our infant minds were occasionally instructed, the story might be inferior to that of *Robinson Crusoe* or the *Arabian Nights*, the morality of which excellent works is simply non-existent. But they were considered in the light of a sweetener to secure the reception of a nauseous moral, otherwise liable to total and decided rejection. Still the artistic superiority of the *Arabian Nights* remained incontestable, and we always wished that we might be allowed to keep the medicine and the lump of sugar separate. We would rather trust to illustrating bygone manners and customs out of histories, and leave novels to pursue their only legitimate aim of causing the maximum amount of pleasure.

The positive evil which novels inflict upon history is too obvious to require illustration. We might deduce examples enough from modern historians to show an occasional confusion in their minds between two provinces which they should be anxious to keep distinct. The historical style approximates only too often to the novelist's. A novelist is bound to be omniscient. He can account for the secret strings that pull all his puppets. Historians think themselves bound to construct a theory of the character of every noted man, as an anatomist infers a bird from its shin bone. A novelist throws in pretty little touches of scenery at every available corner of his work. Some historians are equally fond of drawing hypothetical pictures of what probably happened if the winds and the waves behaved with a due sense of propriety. But to pursue this subject into any detail would be to review certain modern writers who have shown such skill in fusing the two arts that, if they succeeded, the boundaries might be entirely obliterated. Novelists have done enough in impressing upon us their views of history. Most people's information about the reign of Richard I. is taken as exclusively from Scott as their views about Henry IV. come from Shakespeare. In both cases, the impressions made are so lively that it is hard for any one to form a correct picture of the reality. But historians should remember that to rival the brilliancy of the effect it is necessary to use colours of very doubtful permanence.

SIR GEORGE LEWIS.

A MEETING which was lately held for the purpose of formally opening a monument to Sir George Cornwall Lewis required no immediate notice, because, although the principal speaker was a member of the Cabinet, all political discussion was carefully avoided. Not only monuments themselves, but the ceremonies with which they are dedicated, ought to be exclusively personal. When a church, or a hospital, or even a painted window, is erected as a memorial, the purpose of utility or of decorative art reduces to a secondary place the sentiment of gratitude or admiration. It is as improper to advocate political theories in a funeral discourse as to combine a monumental column with a chimney. The soundest opinions may be held by the worst or the weakest of men, who have nothing else in common with wise and virtuous statesmen. Those who were personally attached to Sir George Cornwall Lewis have every reason to be satisfied with the honours which have been paid to his memory. The House of Commons formally recognised his death as a public loss, and the general regret of the community found suitable expression in the discriminating eulogies of many public speakers and writers. Although his career had scarcely brought him within the sphere of general popularity, the unusually consistent testimony of competent observers disclosed one of those simple and equable characters which command English esteem and admiration almost more certainly than brilliancy in act and word. The dead are exempt from the drawback or reaction which awaits those of whom all men speak well. It would, indeed, have been impossible for an enemy to attack his reputation, and there was no enemy to try the experiment. Mr. Disraeli spoke of one of his most formidable adversaries in terms of generous praise, and Mr. Gladstone, having occasion to quote Sir G. Lewis's opinion in support of a disputed proposal, described him, in the proverbial phrase of Virgil, as the justest of all men, and the most scrupulous in his respect for right. The customary honours which are paid to those who have deserved well of their country have been liberally awarded. A bust in Westminster Abbey, and a statue in the city of Hereford, represent with more or less fidelity his outward appearance. A monument which seems to be more impressive and appropriate has recently been erected in his native county of Radnor. In London, memorials to the dead, like almost all other objects, are dwarfed and lost in a crowd. The Hereford statue, which was opened by Lord Palmerston two or three months ago, commemorates Sir G. Lewis's temporary connexion with a county which afterwards declined to re-elect him. The desire to repair the slight was creditable to his friends and political supporters, and they had the spirit and the good fortune to enlist Lord Palmerston in their service as the chief performer in the ceremony

of opening or dedication. From the account of the proceedings at Radnor, it appears that, in the neighbourhood where Sir George Lewis and his family have lived from time immemorial, no political feeling interfered with genuine regard and admiration, naturally heightened by praiseworthy local pride. It would be difficult, perhaps, to justify on abstract grounds the increase of self-esteem which depends on the consciousness that a great or good man lives in the same county or the same parish; but the complacency of reflected merit serves a useful purpose in providing willing and effective guardians of the shrines or temples of indigenous saints and heroes. The small county of Radnor well deserves to emerge for once from comparative obscurity or retirement, both as the home and birthplace of an eminent man, and because it has felt and discharged the duty of doing honour to his memory.

At the meeting on Wednesday week judicious arrangements appear to have been rewarded by deserved success. The parts in the ceremony were happily distributed, and the speakers did justice to the occasion and to the subject of their discourse. There was fortunately an excuse as well as a reason for excluding all political elements. It happened that Sir John Walsh, who represents the county both as member and as Lord-Lieutenant, has always belonged to the Conservative party. His speech was perfectly free from any controversial bias, and it contained in a short compass a just and able summary of Sir G. Lewis's career. He was first known as a scholar, and, as Sir J. Walsh observed, he would perhaps have been thought, in his youth, fitter for a Professor's chair than for the conduct of public business. When, however, he succeeded his father in the Poor Law Commission, he proved that his patience and industry, his even temper, and his calm judgment were as applicable to the details of administration as to philological and historical inquiries. The additional qualities which were required when he rose to the rank of Minister were also a part of his moral and mental constitution. Sir John Walsh expressed the opinion which prevailed among all parties in the House of Commons when he described, as the test of Sir G. Lewis's capacity for Government and for Parliamentary success, his power of acquiring confidence. The reasons for reposing trust in a statesman are various, but the indispensable condition is sincerity, combined with a healthy intellectual conformation. Even a faint mixture of charlatanism, even an occasional propensity to the cultivation of crotchets, prevents either a deliberative assembly or a political party from feeling at ease in the presence of a debater or a leader. Passengers object to steersmen who try uncertain channels, or who show their wit by going too near the shore. It is extremely disagreeable to practise perpetual vigilance, and to be prevented from relying tranquilly on that authority in matters of opinion which is analysed in one of Sir G. Lewis's Essays. It is but respectful to the spectators in Parliament or in the country, to display the foundations of a political measure, and to point out their fitness to sustain the practical superstructure; but the task is greatly facilitated when men take it for granted that the architect understands his business. Sir G. Lewis never hid a flaw with plaster, and he was incapable, even in the most insignificant part of the building, of trying to balance a pyramid upon its point.

Lord Clarendon, as Sir G. Lewis's near connexion and colleague, accepted in a singularly graceful speech the tribute which had been paid to the worth and services of his friend. He repeated and confirmed Sir John Walsh's statement that no man had ever been more remarkable than Sir G. Lewis for his devotion to truth. His simplicity and manliness of nature deprived him of all inducement to take an advantage of an opponent, or even to profit by a misconception. There were no mysteries or puzzles in his language or in his proceedings, and he possessed two important securities against all temptation to insincerity, in his freedom from vanity, and in his keen and enjoyable sense of humour. Love of fame was no infirmity of his mind; and, except as far as the opinion of others might involve substantial benefit or disadvantage, he probably never considered for a moment what was said about him in his absence. The hearty amusement which he derived from watching the little contrivances and affectations of others would alone, perhaps, have disinclined him from falling into similar obliquities. Another form of his love of truth, as the Bishop of St. David's pointed out, was exemplified by his laborious investigations of abstruse subjects in which he thought that erroneous doctrines had been propounded. Scarcely any critic has been so systematically sceptical, and a fine instinct for the discovery of imposture taught him always to suspect error or pretence when marvellous propositions were enounced with unusual gravity and positiveness of assertion. Unless the inhabitants of Radnorshire exceed ordinary English communities in cultivation, the majority of the audience may probably have been contented to accept the statements of the Bishop of St. David's, without exercising too independent a judgment of their own, on the merits of Sir George Lewis's examination of early Roman history or of the astronomy of the ancients. It was, however, highly fitting that one of the greatest of English scholars should testify to the learning and literary honesty of the same man who had already been eulogised as a statesman. Regarded from every side, Sir G. Lewis produced the same impression of characteristic sincerity and truth.

The faculty of knowing the truth is rarer than the habit of speaking it. Of a limited number of persons who understand that there are two sides to a question, only a minority perceives at the same time that both cannot be in the same sense true. Common sense, which is perhaps the most valuable of faculties,

sometimes fails in not discerning its own proper functions and boundaries. Sir G. C. Lewis understood exactly the true province of learning, and he would have been as little disposed to appeal to popular opinion on a question of ancient history as to direct his political conduct by the abstract doctrines of a German speculator. It was generally his first instinct to suspect that anything surprising was likely on examination to collapse either into commonplace or error, and probably into a combination of both; but until he had inquired he always suspended his judgment. For himself, he made and sought no wonderful discoveries, except when he exploded hastily accepted conclusions. With German scholars he dealt, on more than one occasion, like the English navigators who have sometimes sailed over islands and continents which their American precursors had elaborately laid down in their charts. As a Minister, and especially as a financier, he was equally indisposed to experiments and to paradoxes. He believed in the established propositions of political economy, and he was not enthusiastic in his hopes of benefit from innovation. The Bishop of St. David's, in an ambiguous phrase which was intended to express a sound observation, asserted that Sir G. Lewis had directed all his faculties and acquirements to purposes of social science. It is true that he always sought to find practical objects, and that he sought the advantage of society; but the fancies and the theories which have, in late years, been generally designated as social science were entirely alien to his taste and intellectual character. If, however, any new project was brought under his consideration, he was always prepared to examine it fairly. Few men have been so free from prejudice, both in its popular and derivative sense which implies an admixture of passion or feeling, and in its original meaning of a judgment which has simply anticipated inquiry.

Confidence depends mainly on visible sincerity, but other qualities are required to conciliate good will. Lord Clarendon, speaking from the experience of close and long-continued intimacy, said that he had never seen Sir G. Lewis's temper in the smallest degree ruffled. His friends, his political associates, and his Parliamentary opponents confirm the statement by their unanimous report that he was never harsh to a friend or unfair to an adversary. There was nothing feeble or unduly soft in his disposition, but he was so little in the habit of thinking of himself that he escaped almost all the ordinary causes of irritation. His quiet and courteous manners showed that he cared as little for attracting as for repelling. With perfect and unpremeditated good breeding he would listen patiently to the dulllest and most illiterate talker, and he would, if necessary, dissent from his perverse arguments and conclusions as candidly as if he had been arguing with the most consummate philosopher. It seems that his neighbours of all classes regarded him with attachment as well as with pride, and it may safely be assumed that he never modified in the smallest degree either his opinions or his bearing for the sake of obtaining local popularity. True social equality is perfectly compatible with the recognition of every form of genuine superiority. Ordinary men who associated with Sir George Lewis felt that, although he was abler and better, he was essentially one of themselves.

THE PRESS IN SPAIN.

THE circular which the Spanish Government has just issued to restrain the freedom of the press is a natural corollary to that remarkable document which prescribed the course of study appropriate for the heir to the Spanish throne. If the future sovereign is to be a great military leader, it is an indispensable condition that the press should be annihilated. Even generals born and bred in the midst of free traditions have sometimes sighed for the power of gagging a hostile newspaper and silencing pertinaciously critical civilians. "Our Own Correspondent" is, as a rule, decidedly the most unpopular of all camp-followers. But where, as in the case of a military monarch, the same person controls the national policy and directs the operations of a campaign, there is a double reason for crushing all attempts to discuss public affairs. Arguments against the expediency of a flank movement, a retreat, a siege, may be satisfactorily disposed of by a sneer at amateur strategists who could not handle a company nor command a battery. The considerations, on the other hand, which determine the wisdom of a systematic policy may be in the main fully appreciated and fairly weighed without the aid of professional knowledge. The day has not quite gone by, in such countries as Spain, when politicians may flatter themselves that statecraft is as recondite and technical a business as fortification or the art of manœuvring a fleet—that it has its own peculiar laws which only the initiated can understand, and that its ends are ends in themselves apart from the general welfare of the nation. To pedants and adventurers whose conscience or convenience finds such a theory acceptable, a free and powerful press is as anomalous and disgusting as the notion of an infant debating the authority of its parents. Happily, even in Spain, the number of persons who hold that the chief function of Government is to keep the governed at so low a level that their wishes and interests may be safely despised, is inevitably and rapidly decreasing. Gonzalez Bravo himself, the author of the new crusade against the press, cannot believe in the old notions of kingcraft, and his last official act shows how conscious he is that every modern Ministry must at least pretend to consult popular opinion. But he is also conscious that the in-

struction and elevation of that opinion is incompatible with the strength and unanimity essential to a military monarchy. The most worthless statesman can generally detect any gross inconsistency between a given state of things and the success of his own designs; and the enemies of free government throughout history have never displayed any slackness of scent in tracking out inimical persons or principles.

Nobody was taken in by the verbose protestations with which the new Ministry entered upon office. Dalliance with the ideas of political adversaries is a great deal too common in the history of Continental politics during the last five-and-thirty years to delude the most sanguine believer in the disinterestedness of mankind. Even when it was announced that the Narvaez Administration had ordered the remission of various penalties that had been inflicted on the proprietors of Liberal newspapers, people were only puzzled to know what more sinister design remained behind. That some such design really existed was never for a moment doubted. The exact motive of this piece of strange clemency is not quite clear now that clemency is declared to be replaced by the fullest possible exercise of the repressive power which the Government has at its disposal. The explanation furnished by the Minister in his recent circular is much less credible than any other that could possibly have been offered. During the elections, he says, the Government "desired that all opinions, even the most extreme and most violent, might find vent, and wished that all opinions, even the most improbable, of which the Ministers might be the object, should be given to the light of day." In other words, the most retrograde set of politicians in all Europe—for even Count Bismark is a patriot in comparison with Bravo—had suddenly become so penetrated with the loftiest philosophic principle, so inspired with the noblest political magnanimity, as to give their bitterest enemies the best possible chance of thwarting their projects and driving them from office.

The ease with which the wicked can imitate the conversation of the righteous is well known, but this Ministerial Tartufo overdoes his part. The twang is too nasal, and the ejaculations and phraseology are too tremendous. Even in England we should be disposed to suspect the sincerity of a Minister who should thus ostentatiously offer his cheek to the smiter; and that a Cabinet of Spanish Moderates should gratuitously undergo as much popular buffeting as they could provoke is infinitely more unintelligible. As an experiment, the temporary emancipation of the press has not been unsuccessful. The Ministry were hit as hard as they deserved to be. Being thus armed by their foes with a convenient pretext, they turn round, and after lamenting that "the most elevated institutions, the most sacred persons, have been unworthily wounded in their character and their life," announce with becoming arrogance that "the Government can no longer permit the abuse committed by the greater portion of the periodical press of the condescension with which it had been treated." "The time has arrived when the Governmental power must recover the plenitude of the strength which has devolved upon it by the simultaneous confidence of Her Majesty, the probable support of the nation legitimately represented, and the tutelary protection of the laws." Divested of all its characteristic verbiage, this simply means that, having secured a majority in the elections, the Cabinet desire and intend to pursue their own course, without even the trifling interruption of a press so comparatively feeble as that of Spain. So the temporary liberation of the press was an ingenious snare in which to keep it permanently entrapped. It was a matter of tolerable certainty that, if the papers were allowed to say what they liked, they would say a good deal against "most elevated institutions and most sacred persons." There is no difficulty in laying hold of this as a symptom of approaching anarchy, and making it the excuse for more despotically "using the resources of the law to defend those bases of social and political order which constitutional legislation in Spain and common sense everywhere place above all species of controversy." Obviously the last state of the press will be far worse than the first, for the Minister very plainly intimates that if the existing law as administered by the courts is not adequate to coerce "the Radical party, and factious anarchical tendencies," then the law and the courts alike shall undergo what French politicians euphemistically style a modification. If the law is not able to shut up the newspaper offices, then so much the worse both for the law and the newspapers. For all this the Minister of the Interior assures the functionaries to whom his circular is addressed, that the Government "does not hesitate to expose unhesitatingly its acts to the severest criticism, knowing itself sure of victoriously refuting these recriminations in the Cortes, in the press itself, and by way of prosecution for insults and calumny before the courts." Like M. de Persigny before his conversion, Gonzalez Bravo is very anxious lest it should be thought that a Government fears criticism, simply because it refuses to tolerate it. The Ministers of the Spanish Queen, like those of the Emperor, are quite ready to vindicate their acts against imaginary objectors, but as soon as the objectors appear in print, this fearlessness collapses, and the police are ignobly summoned. The sophistries of a despotism that professes to be enlightened are everywhere the same, whether in Spain or France or America, though local accidents may create apparent differences. Gonzalez Bravo, Louis Napoleon, and the so-called Honest Abe Lincoln, are men of widely different calibre and different traditions, but there is a remarkable identity of view among them about the licentiousness of a free press. A burglar

may justly despise an "area-sneak," but both agree in hating the police.

The Spanish Minister fixes on two institutions which common-sense everywhere places beyond controversy. The monarchy, in the first place, cannot continue to be an object for the anger of factions; and, secondly, "that which the constitution, the laws, treaties, and supreme historical and social necessity place above all debate, is the holy religion of our fathers, the sacred faith which illuminates our hearths and submits the young minds of our children to our obedience." The withdrawal of the form of government and of all questions of religion from the sphere of discussion is a rather serious limitation. If a writer may not discuss politics or religion, his occupation must be very nearly gone. Nominally, it is the person of the Queen which the Constitution declares to be free from all attack, but it is very easy to see how, with an unscrupulous Ministry and servile judges, any criticism on the proceedings of the Queen's Government could be readily construed as an attack on the Queen herself. It is not so many centuries since, in our own country, a riotous assemblage for pulling down meeting-houses or brothels was treated as a levying of war against the sovereign. The ingenuity of construction to which Court lawyers have resorted on occasion is a significant warning to all who think the law a protection against a tyrannical Government; and any Madrid journalist who is so logical as to think an assault on the Ministry different from an assault on the reputation or authority of the Queen will doubtless speedily discover that logic is an uncommonly poor defence before a corrupt tribunal. After all, it surely must strike the most benighted Spaniard who reads the Minister's circular, that if monarchy and Catholicism are really placed beyond controversy by the common sense of all nations, it is strange that so much fuss should be made about anarchic or infidel tendencies. If, as the Minister alleges, the whole country has rejected with eloquent disdain the invectives of certain journals, why should efforts be made to still a few angry insects as if they were giants? But this only brings us round to the question—"the painful question," as Bravo calls it—which M. de Girardin has just propounded for the Duke de Persigny. The only immediate good which might possibly ensue from a thing so evil as the Spanish circular is the chance of the French Government being humiliated at seeing so pitiful an imitator of its policy and arguments, and abandoning both one and the other in disgust. A clever man frequently leaves a vicious course when he discovers that it is mostly pursued by fools, and, on the same principle, the Emperor ought to give greater liberty to French newspapers when he finds that such a Cabinet as that of Spain has borrowed his arguments and imitated his practice in the contrary direction. Of course, if the Spanish Government is dreaming of an aggressive policy and universal conquest, it is not to be wondered at that the press should be confined by anticipation to the simple functions of chronicling bulletins and recording military distinctions.

OFFICIALS AND INVENTORS.

THERE is no branch of Government work so difficult or so ill-done as that which concerns the relations between the Executive and the inventors of real or supposed improvements which, from their nature, are only capable of being utilized by the Administration. If an ingenious ship-builder or mechanic invents a new kind of armour, a novel projectile, or an unheard-of gun, he has no customer to look to (in his own country at any rate) except the Government department which is concerned with ships or artillery, as the case may be; and if it is desired to stimulate the ingenuity of the country in adding to the wonderful discoveries already made, it is obvious that some definite understanding should exist as to the manner in which new suggestions ought to be dealt with. It is not perhaps easy to lay down a code of practice on the subject, but there is no difficulty in saying what ought not to be done. The authorities clearly ought not to reject all assistance from the outer world unless they are satisfied, on good grounds, that no serviceable invention can possibly be made by a private experimentalist which would not be certain to occur to one or another of their official staff. Turret ships, rifled guns, twin screws, Metford shells, and a thousand other novelties are sufficient to show that Government departments do not enjoy a monopoly of inventive talent, and that it would not be safe to act upon a sweeping rule of rejecting all external suggestions without trial or examination. The opposite principle would be equally impracticable, for a Government which volunteered to try every mad experiment that might be brought to its notice would soon ruin itself in powder, shot, labour, and material, with no other result than to prove that ninety-nine inventions out of a hundred are nothing more than revivals, it may be in a slightly new form, of crotchets which have long since been exploded as absurd or useless. Somewhere between these two extremes the true course must lie, but the Government is as yet so far from having ascertained its bearings that we see the practice shifting, in the most capricious manner, from excess of indulgence in one case to stubborn impenetrability in another. Among the many target experiments which have been made at great expense at Shoeburyness and Portsmouth, not one in five offered the smallest prospect of any useful result, while in one of the very few cases where private ingenuity was of service to the Government—that of Mr. Chalmers' target, from which valuable hints were taken in the construction of the *Bellerophon's* armour—it was not without the greatest difficulty that the inventor obtained

from the Government the slightest recognition. The same apparent caprice may be traced in dealings with other inventors, and is to be accounted for, in all probability, by the fact that those who have to look into matters of this kind have been so harassed by multitudes of idle schemes as not always to be able to do justice to a good design when it is brought before them.

But, whatever may be the faults of official judges, there is quite as much to be said on the other side. Every one knows the pertinacity and success with which Mr. Whitworth has pressed his claims to have experiments made upon his ordnance at the Government expense; and every one knows equally well the splendid position which Sir W. Armstrong won when once his cannon had been accepted as the recognised arm of the service. Such examples have raised up a host of artillerymen all pining for the same triumphs, and insisting that their projects also should receive an official trial. It would be impossible to recognise any claim on the part of an inventor to have his schemes tested at the cost of the public, but it is a mistake to regard the questions which have arisen as if they rested between the inventor and the Government. If a good project is rejected without a trial, the wrong is done, not to the inventor, but to the country; and some better organization does seem to be required to enable the officers of the Government to determine on safe grounds what inventions are worthy of an elaborate trial, and what ought to be cast aside as useless on the face of them. When once a good *prima facie* case appears on a preliminary inquiry, it is not right that the future course of experiment should depend on the willingness of the projector to bear the expense. Everything that is well ascertained to be worth trying ought to be tried by the Government, lest a really valuable discovery should be lost to the country. On the other hand, everything that is palpably worthless should be rejected at once without further experiment, either at Government or private expense. The difficulty of acting on these principles will continue to be, as it is now, almost insurmountable, until the strength of the department to which these duties are entrusted is considerably increased. At present, those who have to look into the projects with which the Government is inundated are overwhelmed by the extent of the task, and are unable to give that minute attention to each scheme which is necessary to sift the few grains of wheat from the vast mass of tares. The consequence is, that inventors are constantly appealing to the press, sometimes with idle murmurs, but sometimes also with solid grounds for complaining that valuable discoveries have been scornfully rejected without any consideration of their merits.

To which class the letter of Mr. Mackay, in the *Times* of last Tuesday, belongs, we cannot undertake to say without more information than has yet been made public about his singular gun. This at least is certain, that the project is either a wild delusion, or the most important step in the construction of artillery which has been made since the first introduction of rifled cannon. The Mackay gun professes to secure all the advantages of rifling with a perfectly smooth shot, the theory put forward in the newspapers being that the mere windage of the gas escaping through the rifled grooves of the piece is sufficient to give an adequate and uniform amount of rotation to the projectile, without any of those contrivances of lead coating, or configuration, by which an ordinary shot is made to take the rifling. If this could be believed, it would not be surprising to find that the Mackay shot, with its diminished friction, would range farther than any other projectile, and the advantage of extreme simplicity would place the new gun before all others, if only its accurate and uniform action could be relied on. It appears from Mr. Mackay's letter that he has been for some time in correspondence with the War Office, in the hope of obtaining a public trial of his invention, and that his success has been so moderate that he has thought it advisable to resort to that appeal to the *Times* which has perhaps not been wholly inoperative in some similar cases. After the manner of inventors, Mr. Mackay seems to have offered various terms on which he would provide a gun for experimental service, all of which the authorities have declined to accept. So far as the special conditions of the proposed trials are concerned, we are inclined to think that the War Office is right in declining a long series of experiments for the purpose of testing the durability of a 12-pounder. Strength and durability are easily attained with guns of small calibre, although, for really heavy ordnance, the whole problem may almost be reduced to the question which is the strongest and most durable gun. Whether Mr. Mackay's proposals did or did not take the most judicious form is not, however, the point; for either his invention is a failure, or it is one of the most important discoveries in the whole range of artillery science. If the former, the War Office ought to have got rid of it without engaging in a long correspondence. If the latter, it is essential for the public interest that it should be thoroughly tested. Immense expense is now being incurred to ascertain the precise mode of accommodating a shot to the grooving of a gun in order to obtain the best result. The hexagonal and polygroove systems are pitted against each other in a contest which is almost certain to end in a report that there is very little to choose between them. But if minute details of this kind are worthy of so exact an investigation, it is not easy to see why a scheme which claims to dispense with all rifling, so far as the shot is concerned, should not much more deserve a trial; unless, indeed, enough is known about it to enable those learned in such matters to predict that the gun must prove a failure. The pretensions of the gun are, if well

founded, much too important to be neglected with impunity, and the War Office ought to be in a position to condemn the design altogether before it can be justified in refusing it a trial. It is not impossible that the windage theory, advanced to account for the action of the gun, may turn out not to be the true explanation of such results as have been obtained; but if it is true that a shot can acquire the requisite rotation without sinking into the grooves at all, and without any aid from the nature of the wad employed, a really new light is thrown upon the science of artillery, and one which deserves to be followed up as far as it may lead. We observe that all the great achievements which Mr. Mackay enumerates in his letter are said to have been performed with a 12-pounder gun, and that the flight of his heavier bolts has not apparently been tested beyond the limited distance of two hundred yards. The principle is, of course, of little value if it will not work effectually with the heaviest ordnance at long ranges; but unless the Government have good reason for doubting the success of such experiments, there does seem to be at least as much to be said in their favour as for the pop-gun duel between the Armstrong and Whitworth weapons, which has been going on for the greater part of a year and is not yet finished.

This case, however, is but one of many in which the wisdom of the authorities in accepting or rejecting inventions has been doubted. Without knowing anything, or having any opinion on the merits of this or that particular invention, it is quite possible to form a decided judgment on the manner in which such questions are investigated; and we believe that great improvement is needed in the organization of this branch of the public service in order to insure the acquisition of every serviceable invention, and, at the same time, to guard against the waste of money in fruitless experiments. At present the public has not sufficient confidence in official decisions on such subjects to be proof against what may, in many instances, prove to be the mere clamour of disappointed projectors. The correspondence which has been published in several cases does not inspire the belief that the authorities act on any sound or consistent principle; and though it is just as important to exclude the worthless projects as to test all that have a real value, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that, for want of a satisfactory system of preliminary investigation, the Government is constantly falling into error, as often perhaps in the one direction as the other. To correct this evil by judicious arrangements would be apparently but a small effort in administrative reform, but it might in its results be of more lasting service than many of those more pretentious readjustments which have promised so much, and done so little, for the efficiency of the public service.

THE DEMME AND TRÜMPY AFFAIR.

THE sequel to this singular case, like continuations in general, is not equal in interest to the first part of the story. Nor does it seem properly to belong to it; it reads as if some seventh-rate French novelist had taken up one of Miss Braddon's mysteries of crime and had slightly confused the characters. There is a certain inconsequence in the new tale. Dr. Demme again appears, but in the latter story he has, in two senses, lost "character" and force. The combination and contrast in the first tale were good; the coarse sensual husband, the outraged and neglected wife, and the amiable young doctor, furnished the raw materials of a very French romance. The catastrophe also had its proper accompaniments. We had the family physician, suspected of an intrigue with the wife, watching for two nights by the bedside of the sick husband, the death of the husband through strychnine, the possibility of suicide, the suspicion of murder. The creator of Lady Audley could not have filled up more thoroughly a story of marital brutality, illicit love, midnight mystery, and sudden death. Of course it was possible that Dr. Demme might be quite innocent, though certainly appearances were against him; but this only added to the puzzle of the case, for, if he were innocent, Trümpy committed suicide. For such an act we can discover no motive. In George Sand's *Jacques* the husband commits suicide that his wife and her lover may live happy ever afterwards; but Trümpy, a selfish sensualist, was the last man in the world to do anything with such an end in view. If, indeed, he suspected, which was not clearly shown, that Demme and his wife were lovers, there is every reason to believe that he would have made a point of prolonging his life. His death by strychnine was therefore, to say the least, a rather strong fact against the doctor who attended him, who made a false report of the cause of his death, and who had strychnine in his possession. Against a medical man the latter fact does not say much, but it is significant to this extent, that Demme *could* have committed the crime with ease; and, as Madame Trümpy's lover, he may be supposed to have had a motive for the deed. At all events, the only admissible sequel to the story was either the doctor's conviction after a fair trial, or his acquittal, followed by an elopement with the widowed woman. In violation, however, of all the unities, and contrary to the most elementary rules of romance, a fourth character appears quite at the end of the story. The daughter of the murdered man (murdered by his own or by the doctor's hand) suddenly becomes the heroine, and poor Madame Trümpy is pushed into the background. The young doctor of the first story runs away with the daughter, and after some complication he is ascertained to have committed suicide by poison at Genoa, the partner of his flight following his example. This result gives the whole story almost an air of incredibility. Did

Dr. Demme introduce himself to the Trümpy family in order that he might intrigue with the wife, murder the husband, run away with the daughter, and die by her side? To go through so much to gain so little certainly seems strange enough; for, according to all seeming, Madlle. Flora Trümpy could have been Dr. Demme's wife without scandal or difficulty, instead of being his mistress for a few days, and then his companion in death. If, indeed, this end was originally proposed by Demme, the story could not be explained; for, unless he wished to pursue his original intrigue without the encumbrance of a brutal husband, why did he murder Trümpy? In no country in the world that we know of is it necessary to kill a future father-in-law as a preliminary to running away with his daughter, nor does there seem the least advantage in it when the father is, like Trümpy, a man of no property. But there is in the story, read by suspicion rather than proof, a kind of genesis of guilt. We can believe Demme, when first introduced to the family, to have been full of nothing but honest sympathy for the brutally-used wife. He then becomes her lover, and must each day have fully known her wrongs; for wives, unlike the knife-grinder, have always a story to tell when they secure a lover into whose ears it can be poured, and who becomes their confessor through communion in sin; and, even if his love for the woman had faded away, he may still have wished to repay her affection by releasing her from a wretched yoke. That at this time he should turn to the daughter, seeking a love that was, on one side at least, quite innocent, is not perhaps unnatural. He was evidently a man of a morbid weakness of temperament, and even a stronger man might have shrunk from further association with a woman who was no doubt, in one way or another, his companion in sin, and who—for perhaps that is more to the purpose—was much older than himself. Of the four members of that family circle—Trümpy, his wife, his daughter, and Demme—only one, Madame Trümpy, survives. Whatever her share in the business (and she was acquitted by the jury), one feels a kind of pity for the survivor of such a tragedy, for there is more than sorrow to her in the ending. There is more than the loss of a husband or lover; there is loss of character, and the bitterness of despised and deserted love.

The story of the elopement of Dr. Demme with the daughter has not as yet been thoroughly cleared up. Demme had been engaged to the girl before the death of her father; she remained attached to him through the trial, with all its ugly revelations and uglier suspicions; she eloped with him, without marriage, a few weeks ago. Their object in going away can only be guessed from letters sent by both to their relatives at Berne. Demme wrote that his existence was blasted; that he could not recover from the wounds which his character as a medical man had suffered; and that with him suicide was not an act of cowardice, but the energetic action of a wounded and incurable man. The letter containing these declarations was apparently commenced at Friburg and finished at Lausanne; it was at least posted at the latter place. It concluded thus:—"We have arrived here and are proceeding to Geneva, our last station. We shall then take a walk, and then go in a boat on the lake, in order to throw ourselves into it. Perhaps we shall execute our project on a deep point of the bank with which we are acquainted, so that our bodies may not be found. That is what appears to us to be more practicable." This part of the farewell letter suggested a doubt. People who commit suicide are not, as a rule, troubled with any anxiety about their bodies not being found. The lake was searched, and no trace of the supposed suicides could be discovered. They were then heard of in various quarters; one paper reported them at Havre, another at Milan. The latest account finds them dead in an hotel bedroom at Genoa, both poisoned by strychnine. Demme apparently died first and easily, probably having taken just enough strychnine to destroy life. The poor girl wrote "Hermann is dead; I must follow him," and then took a dose of poison so strong that her face was violently distorted in death. The object of the trick at Geneva is obvious enough; Demme wished, no doubt, to begin life again under a new name. Though acquitted of the murder of Trümpy, he was, it is said, to be accused of theft; and he was also liable to prosecution for his abduction of the daughter. This motive of the deception was indicated pretty plainly by the haste with which the family at Berne published the story of the suicide, and by the words they used in their circular:—

TO FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES.—The startling intelligence has reached us that, in accordance with a farewell letter, Dr. Hermann Demme and his bride Flora, allied in faithful love, have sought and found a common grave in the depths of the Lake of Geneva. May enmity be struck dumb at this news, but friendship offer silent sympathy to our sorrow.

THE DEMME FAMILY.

Had the public accepted this story as the last chapter of the romance, we should probably have heard no more; but the newspapers hinted that the suicide was a sham, and the fugitives again found the police on their track. They were also without money, and thus, doubly pressed, they closed their career with a dose of the same poison that had cut short Trümpy's life.

Whatever was the real story of Demme's life—and probably we shall never know it now—he certainly was not a murderer of the common type. He may have caused Trümpy's death, but he gained no worldly advantage by the crime; at all events it was not caused by any sordid motive. That he had the knack of winning and keeping personal confidence is proved by the whole story. His success with Madame Trümpy does not of course count for much; a wretched wife might have clung tenaciously to any man younger than herself, and her daily companion. But Trümpy

apparently liked and trusted Demme to the last, and the daughter certainly loved him unto death itself. There must have been elements of good in the man who so acquired and retained affection. He wrote to his relations from Lausanne:—"I beg you to present my collection of pathological anatomy to the town of Würzburg, where my father passed the most important years of his life, and which has always been so dear to me. Send my manuscript to B—, with a request that he will find some one to continue and complete it. In case my father shall have a worthy successor at the hospital, give him my galvanic-caustic apparatus; otherwise it will remain in the family." Most English readers think that the kind of feeling betrayed in such messages sent by a suspected murderer about to die is rather unnatural—at least un-English, which with many people means the same thing—and that this sort of literary sentiment from people who have broken the moral law is "especially French." But this is an error. We too, though it is nothing to boast of, have our "honourable murderers," our suicides through sentiment and love, and criminals who in dying remember the minor moralities and decencies of life. What French or German murderer could so oddly mix the horrible with the commonplace as Townley washing the blood off his hands and then quietly taking a cup of tea with the grandfather of the girl he had just murdered, and in the very house where she was lying dead? Then the motives and acts of Demme are simple and commonplace compared with those of the man Broomfield, who last Saturday evening, in a village near Southampton, killed a woman he loved—a married woman not his wife—and then shot himself. The French newspaper reporters would have given us the scene so vividly that it would be easy to recognise the romance; and it cannot be quite hidden, even under the prosaic rendering of the local press. We have the wife very happy in her new home, and the old rejected lover comes to visit her before he goes to America. She had told her husband all about this man, who before her marriage had persecuted her with his attention; and the husband—a fine manly fellow—receives him cordially, with, as we can see, a kindness that had in it a touch of the pity that sprang from his own happiness with the woman whom the other had loved and lost. Left alone with his old sweetheart, the man told her, what she had not known, that he had been for years a married man; he told her that, rejected by her, he had resolved to go to America; and he asked her to write, at his dictation, a farewell letter to his wife. A strange task to impose on her! In this letter he said to his wife:—"I feel I have broken your heart. I deserve to die, if I should reach America, in the Confederate army—that is, if I can reach the Confederates by first joining the Northerners, and then deserting to the Confederates, for I feel they are the people that deserve fighting for." We do not suppose that Mr. Jefferson Davis will care much for the compliment thus paid to his cause by an ex-butler; but there is a kind of curiosity of conscience in the fact that a man deserting his wife, and intending to break his oath and desert his first flag, should cherish a wish to die fighting for the cause he thought right. After this letter was written, he sat down and joined the family party, but—not through his wish, for he opposed it—he was again left alone with the wife. He then sat down and wrote an ill-spelled incoherent letter to the husband, intimating that the wife, then in the very room with him, must die, saying to the husband, "You must bear up under the heavy trial—same as one that I have left [his wife]. . . . Yours will not be half the trial as the one I have left has gone through." Keats, by an image that some have thought too forcible, speaks of "the two brothers and their murdered man" riding through Florence; but here, in her own home, was a murdered woman—busy and lively in her household work, for her neighbour heard her—the murderer actually writing in her presence a letter of condolence to the husband about to be bereaved. A few minutes afterwards he shot her dead, and, shooting himself, died in two days. If one wished to write an essay, humbly following De Quincy, on the inconsistencies and eccentricities of murderers, we are sure that, despite the received opinion, our English criminals present us, quite as often as their foreign congeners, with curious instances of crime lighted up by queer freaks of conscience, gleams of good feeling, and odd relics of old decencies. We remember the confessions of an ex-convict in Australia, who killed a man and all his family because the man had, as he thought, cheated him years before out of some money. He afterwards confessed the crime and justified himself. He told how, in some friendly conversation a few minutes before the murder, the chief victim referred jocosely to his old grandfather, and said, "When he dies I shall have the farm." The murderer's confession went on: "I felt shocked to hear him talk thus, knowing what was going to occur, and I said 'You should not talk that way; who knows what may happen to any of us?'" He then killed the man.

THE CONQUEST OF KHOKAND.

THWARTED in Europe by insurrection in Poland, and by the sleepless jealousy of equal and rival Powers, the "manifest destiny" of Russia is being accomplished in Asia with comparative freedom. The last few years have witnessed enormous advances on all parts of her Asiatic frontier. Two or three years ago, in the extreme East, a large tract of territory was acquired on the Amour, bringing the frontier some days' march nearer to Peking. Last summer the complete conquest of the Caucasus was achieved, and Russia has now undisturbed possession of the mountain chain,

with no warlike Circassians to molest her right flank as she crosses the range to subdue Asia Minor and Persia. We now hear of the rapid progress, if not the complete accomplishment, of a conquest not less important in Central Asia. The extensive Kirghis territory, extending to the north and north-east of the Sea of Aral, has been for some years in the possession of the Czars. It is now the turn of Khokand, lying to the east and forming the valley of the Jaxartes, to fall under the same sway. This gives Russia the possession of one of the two rivers which, rising among the lofty mountains and tableland of Central Asia, flow, after a north-easterly course of about twelve hundred miles, into the Sea of Aral. With the possession of the other river, the Oxus, which flows parallel to the Jaxartes, but a little more to the south-west, Russia would acquire complete possession of Khiva, Bokhara, and Koondooz, the primeval seats of Tartar empire, and her boundary would be the mountains which on their southern slopes conduct to the plains of India. Possessing all the territory between the Caspian and Aral Seas, and the territory to the east and south of the latter, these seas would become visibly, what they already are virtually, Russian lakes, and the Russian boundary would extend in almost a straight line from the shores of the Black Sea to the foot of the Bolor-Tagh. At her present rate of advance, the time needful to Russia to reach these results would be but a brief span in the life of a nation.

The conquest of Khokand has not been the work of many years, and the actual fighting, supposing the work to be now complete, has almost all been done in three campaigns—1843, 1853, and 1864. In the first of these years, Russia, having in 1846-47 consolidated her power over the Kirghis tribes by erecting the forts of Uralsk and Orenburg in the country north of the Sea of Aral, sent an expedition as far as the mouths of the Jaxartes (Syr-Daria), where the fort of Raim or Aralsk was built. It was not till 1853 that the next step was taken by the capture of Fort Akmetsetch, about three hundred miles up the river and on the frontier of Khokand; but it may be noted that in 1849 an expeditionary column of several thousand men, marching into the adjacent Khiva territory, was totally buried in the winter snows, a disaster which it may well be supposed produced a profound impression on the imaginative Orientals. The circumstances which followed the capture of Fort Akmetsetch were well fitted to counteract the effect of the disaster. The Khan of Khokand, who had lost the fortress partly through the revolt of a vassal, the Governor of Tashkent, whom it was necessary to chastise, ordered an extraordinary levy, and marched on Akmetsetch in December, with 12,000 men and 17 guns. The garrison, notwithstanding it had been reduced to a battalion of infantry and 500 Cossacks, resisted manfully under the inspiration of its Polish leaders, and after repeated sallies succeeded in crushing the outnumbering foe. The comparative pause that has occurred since 1853 must chiefly be laid to the account of the Crimean war, which carried away every available man, and the necessity of rest afterwards imposed to recover from the terrible losses sustained. Partly, also, the task of quelling a revolt of the Kirghis tribes between 1856 and 1858 may have helped to give peace to Khokand in the meantime, but only, in the more perfect subjugation of the revolting tribes, to form a securer basis of operations against Khokand in subsequent years. Russia did not remain long altogether idle. In 1859 another fort, Fort Djulek, was captured, and the Russians have since erected two forts, Fort Karala, 60 miles, and Fort Krmakora, 120 miles from the mouth of the Jaxartes, and connecting the fort of Aralsk at that point with Fort Akmetsetch, the four forts constituting together the line of the Syr-Daria. With this foundation had been planned for 1863 the invasion of Khokand from two points—the Kirghis territory on the extreme north-east, and Akmetsetch on the west—the destination of the first invading corps being Aulietta, and of the second the town of Turkestan, which are about three hundred miles apart. The outbreak of the Polish revolution, and the apprehension of war with Western Europe, caused the postponement of the scheme, which has been carried out during the present year without any danger from the interruptions of 1863. The conquest of Circassia, placing more troops at her disposal, has also proved a well-timed stroke of good luck for Russia in her plans against Khokand. As early as the month of June last, the two points of the expeditions, Turkestan and Aulietta, were reached, and in the months of July and August communication was opened between them, giving to Russia a new boundary-line several hundred miles farther south than before—a monstrous cantle, indeed, of the Khokand territory.

This was a great deal to effect in one campaign, but Russia has certainly effected more. The reports, indeed, come to us by way of India that a great battle had been fought at a place called Huzrut-Sooltan, resulting in the total defeat of the Khokandians with a loss of 4,000 killed and 2,000 prisoners, and that, as the result, Tashkend and Khokand, and towns even farther eastward, were captured, and no less than eighteen of them burnt by the Russians. The date of the battle is not given, but, judging from the length of time the intelligence must have taken to come, the whole reports have been caused by the decisive military success which the Russians, according to St. Petersburg accounts, have really gained. The narrative, which has not yet been published in England, is not without interest. Shortly after the capture of Turkestan and Aulietta, according to the account in the *Invalides Russes*, the Khokandians lost the courage to undertake any expedition against their enemy, and commenced immense fortifications at Tchekent, on the flank of the route between Turkestan and Aulietta, in order to make it the base of ulterior

attempts. The Russians could not allow such a position on their flank, keeping the whole country in confusion by the constant parties which issued from it to pillage the Kirghis tribes which had submitted to them. Accordingly, the Russian commander, Major-General Tcherniaeff, having learnt that the principal forces of the Khokandians had left Tchemkent, in which remained only a garrison of 10,000 men, determined to make himself master of that town before it could again be strengthened. In the first fortnight of September, troops from two different points were directed upon Tchemkent, before which they united on the 19th. The same evening a battery of four guns was erected and opened fire, to which the Khokandians replied with seven cannon and two mortars. The Russian commander then caused another battery of six cannons and four mortars to be advanced nearer. The extraordinary hardness of the soil, and a sortie of the enemy, prevented this battery from being completed in the night of the 21st-22nd before daybreak; and the Khokandians, emboldened by the delay of the Russian siege works, took the offensive, pushing forward trenches and batteries of their own, and skirmishers in front of their works—all showing, it is remarked, that they were guided by a foreigner skilled in the military art. Lieut.-Colonel Lerche, however, commanding the working party, profited by the temerity of the Khokandians to attack their infantry with four Russian companies, two pieces of position, and other artillery. In spite of a violent fire from the fortress and the citadel, he soon pushed the Khokandian infantry up to and within the gates of the town, the passage of which was defended at the point of the bayonet. During the combat Major-General Tcherniaeff approached the citadel, and surprised it in the midst of the consternation which prevailed, his troops crossing the aqueduct in single file. In an hour from the commencement of the assault the Russians were masters of the fortress, with its citadel, built upon an inaccessible eminence, strongly armed with artillery, furnished with a formidable supply of bombs, bullets, and other munitions of war, and defended by a garrison of 10,000 men of the best troops of the Khanate. Among the trophies were four standards, and twenty-six field colours; twenty-three pieces of cannon, one of them rifled, eight mortars of large calibre, a large quantity of falconets, firearms for rampart defence, infantry muskets with bayonets, besides other firearms and steel weapons, with quivers, shields, drums, trumpets, &c. Making every allowance for Russian exaggeration, we certainly read here the narrative of a great disaster to the arms of Khokand. The result is, the absolute security of the line from Akmetshet to Aulietta; and, consequently, the great cities of the Khanate, Tashkend, Khojend, and finally the capital itself, which lie only a little way south of the Russian line, have become exposed to attack. Now that Russia is clear of European troubles, she may put forth all her strength in these remote regions, meeting with no effective resistance, and we may conclude that, if Khokand is not by this time fully conquered, the conquest is now only an affair of months. The Indian reports are only premature. We are not informed of the Russian strength engaged; for Russia, far away from European eyes, keeps her own counsel and reveals nothing; but it is stated that among the artillery of the expedition are two light batteries, similar to those employed by the Prussians in the Danish campaign. It is the old story of the most recent inventions of modern science, and the exactest discipline, applied to beat down the antique weapons and irregular troops which were once the terror of the world.

To understand the full significance of the conquest, it is only necessary to glance at the map and observe the whole series of conquests which Russia, in this direction, has been making with relentless perseverance from the time of Peter the Great. That sovereign pushed the south-eastern frontier of the Empire from the Volga to the Ural, on which river he established a line of fortresses. In his own reign he accomplished the complete subjugation of the Kalmuck Tartars between the Volga and the Ural; another tribe was brought under the yoke by the Empress Catharine. It was not till the time of the late Emperor Nicholas that the Russian rule was perfectly acknowledged by all the tribes between the Volga and the Ural, but in his reign a new field of conquest was entered upon. Between 1841 and 1847 the Kirghis tribes between the Ural and the Irtysh were conquered, and their territory, as large as France, Spain, and Portugal, was annexed. The capture of Akmetshet in 1853 secured a farther territory 300 miles long by 200 broad. The conquest of Turkestan and Aulietta in June last, secured by the capture of Tchemkent in September, adds even a larger area to the Empire. By far the largest portion of Independent Tartary has been added to the Russian dominion. There now remain part of Khokand, part of Khiva, Bokhara, and Koondooz unsubdued, constituting, doubtless, the most valuable possessions of all, but none likely to offer even serious obstacles to an invader wielding all the resources of European military art. Their value only makes them the more tempting. They are sparsely populated, it is true, but in the hands of a civilizing Power they could be made to support an immensely larger population. Even at present, the population of Independent Tartary is estimated altogether at 4,000,000, no insignificant addition to the area of Russian recruitment, while the wealth possessed makes it desirable to bring the country within the area of Imperial taxation. Khokand itself, with a population of about a quarter of a million, is rich in products of wool and woollen fabrics, cotton, and silk, and possesses mines of coal, copper, and iron. The products of Bokhara are much more

various and extensive. Compared with the steppes over which Russia has travelled, Khokand and Bokhara are blooming oases of fertility. In themselves alone they might be welcome acquisitions to Imperial ambition, and justify the exultation of St. Petersburg in the thought that, after more than a hundred years' persistence, they have been reached at last; that soon Bokhara and Samarcand, once the chief cities of the world-conqueror Timour, still flourishing seats of the Mahomedan faith, will become provincial towns of a grander and more solid empire than Timour had ever dreamed of.

But Russian faith in "manifest destiny" is stimulated by more brilliant dreams. Russia in Asia has no frontiers, said Nicholas; Central Asia is only the stepping-stone to farther conquests. The Russians scarcely care to conceal the hope that all their rough and truculent dealings with nomadic tribes may lead to the day when Russian legions shall inundate the plains of India and sweep our own Empire away. For this end a railway is to be made from Moscow by Saratov to Orenburg on the Ural, and thence to the Caspian and Aral Seas, on which armed flotillas, including, it is even said, ironclads, have been launched. The transport of troops and warlike stores from the heart of Russia to these comparatively unknown regions is to be only a matter of days. The Jaxartes and the Oxus are broad and deep rivers, and it is calculated that when the valley of the latter is won, it will be easy to convey troops to Balkh in the Koondooz territory, from which, by the Khawak and Girdshak passes over the Hindoo Cush, it is only forty or forty-five geographical leagues, or a ten days' march, to Cabul and Jellalabad. It is calculated that, with Cossacks, Kalmucks, Bashkirs, and other tribes, Russia could easily raise 500,000 horsemen, for whom, as they would take their herds with them, the immense pastures of Central Asia would form a sufficient support. In the same way, beasts of burden laden with ample military stores would be fed. In fact, we are told an invasion of India from this direction would be comparatively easy for Russia.

We dare say there are still old Indians apt to be frightened by these chimeras of Russian ambition, though they have been hitherto accustomed to point the moral of their apprehensions by a reference to Persian aggressions upon Afghanistan; for Persia, they urge, is but an instrument of Russia, and Afghanistan will soon be really the only country between us and Russia. Now that Russia is coming upon Afghanistan from another point, we may have another outcry. In connexion with their fears, it is curious to note how, all over Central Asia, the fact of the presence of two great rivals, the Russian and British Empires, has been recognised, and how the Asiatic imagination already foresees a future conflict. The echo of these conquests in Khokand is being heard among the tribes of the Hindoo Cush, and in Afghanistan and Cashmere. In the *Delhi Gazette* of August last we read the following curious paragraph:—

An embassy has just arrived in Kashmere after three months' forced marching from the kingdom of Khokand, one of those independent sovereignties in Central Asia about which we at present know so little. It is headed by Kujabeck, the commander-in-chief of the army. He and his party have suffered many privations on the journey from their distant home; and no less than forty horses belonging to the train have perished in the snows. . . . For the last seven years the reigning sovereign, Ismael Khan, has been engaged in resisting the attempts of Russia to make a high road for troops through his territory; and in the various engagements that have taken place he has lost no less than 10,000 men. In the first instance no objection was made by the Khokandians to the passing and repassing of Russian merchants through their territory; but as soon as attempts were made to transmit troops opposition was justly raised. Why Russia should want to pass troops on this highway to India is an important subject for inquiry. The Khokandians assert that it is to be in readiness to attack India in case of war with England. However this may be, the Russians have been strenuously opposed; and the object of the embassy now proceeding to his Excellency the Viceroy is to procure the advice and assistance of the British.

We have heard no more of the embassy, though several reports of the Russian advance have since been received from the same source. But the myth of an embassy to seek British protection, if it be one—much more if it be no myth but a reality—and all the incidents narrated, show the Asiatic view of the contest. For ages familiar with conquerors, the Asiatics naturally incline to call in one great conqueror against another. The smaller States between two great Empires have no doubt that they are sought in conquest, not so much for themselves alone as for the sake of an empire to be conquered beyond. If no embassy has come from Khokand, we may be sure it has been talked of in the councils of the Khanate. If India is the aim of Russia, why should not the Indian Government aid in defending the wide territory which yet lies between it and Russian encroachment? The Asiatics and the old Indians can scarcely understand the indifference of strength, the contentment of an Imperial Power with a dominion whose proper government strains our every faculty, the contentment of a Power whose discovery that dominion has its duties has quenched the lust of conquest. Yet such is our position. At present, of course, we are not really endangered, or even menaced, by an invader who is yet three months' forced marching from our frontier hills. We should say much more than three months' forced marching, for a huge army cannot march so quickly as a small expedition. We should probably with great ease give a good account of any remnant of a grand army that might survive a march over the passes of the Hindoo Cush. For us to begin conquering, as the old Indians and Asiatic traditions invite us, would only be to meet the Russians half-way, and precipitate the conflict, if there is to be one. The final consideration

is that, if we cannot beat Russia when she pleases to invade India with the added strength of Central Asia, we shall not mend matters much by the conquest of a difficult and mountainous country which bars only one, and that the most difficult, route by which Russia can reach us. Our security lies not only in preponderance of force, but in the superiority of a civilization which as yet gives no signs of decay. Our superiority in this one thing, that we seek the good of the nations which we have almost been forced to conquer, not so much our own, places us far above Russia as an Imperial Power. It is not impossible, besides, that the conflict may never come. Russia cannot resist the influence of Western civilization, and will ultimately adopt the higher type we possess, feeling the task of government so burdensome that no strength or inclination will remain for the work of conquest. It may be her present purpose to employ for the conveyance of troops and military stores only the railroad she intends to construct from Moscow to Orenburg and the Aral Sea, and the steamers she is launching on the lake. She may design only a military highway to India. But ideas will travel as well as soldiers, and it is impossible to foresee what internal changes to Russia will arise when Bokhara and Samarcand, which Europeans have scarcely looked on for centuries, shall be within a three weeks' journey from London.

THE CATTLE SHOW.

THERE is a story of a French princess who, being told that there were people who could not get bread, answered that they might eat plum-cake. It may have occurred to visitors to the Cattle Show that the animals which they saw there looked very much as if the scarcity of fodder caused by the summer and autumn drought had been endured by them in the manner recommended by the princess. Whatever may have been the prevailing dearth of grass, it is certain that linseed cake, bean and barley meal, and hay could always be obtained by those who were prepared to pay for them. Probably, if a farmer thinks he has a chance of winning a prize at a Cattle Show, he does not trouble himself much about the cost of feeding the animals which are to compete for it. We used to hear a good deal formerly of the ruin which was impending over farmers, and the contrast was often very striking between the healthy and jovial looks and the lugubrious predictions of speakers at public meetings called to discuss agricultural wrongs and sufferings. It is a somewhat similar phenomenon that the scarcity of fodder which has been severely felt throughout the country manifests itself at Islington in a Cattle Show where the animals exhibited are quite as numerous, and quite as fat, as they have ever been before. Nevertheless, there has been a real and widely-felt failure of autumn keep; and if the Cattle Show is held as usual, in spite of the difficulties with which farmers have had to struggle, it is an encouraging proof both of the resources and the spirit with which these difficulties have been encountered.

It is to be hoped that by exhibitions of horses, donkeys, oxen, sheep, pigs, and dogs, the Agricultural Hall Company will make their speculation pay. They have lately, however, had the misfortune to have a verdict given against them for 100*l.* damages in an action brought by a visitor who was bitten by a dog in the show. It seems rather hard upon the Company that they should be expected to guarantee that every dog will keep his temper throughout a long hot day, and after being an infinite number of times poked up. We know that people at these shows never will either let the dogs alone or keep out of their way, and the only wonder is that, when hands are placed so invitingly near, teeth are not oftener made acquainted with them. When a certain bishop was bitten by a dog, it was said by one who knew the bishop that certainly he must have given the provocation. A similar remark might seem to be appropriate to the occurrence out of which the recent trial arose; but the jury thought that the dog was to blame, and so they made the Company pay for the mischief he had done. It will be difficult to hold Dog Shows if the Company is made responsible for all that happens to those who touch the dogs, and if nobody is allowed to touch them it will be still more difficult to hold these shows. At any rate, the Company will have good reason to prefer such an exhibition as has been held this week, where the animals were, for the most part, so overwhelmed with their own fat as to have neither the power nor the will to harm even the most importunate of visitors. Indeed, it appears almost a pity that this, the only Cattle Show which is held in London, should be devoted so exclusively to the exhibition of stock ready for the butcher's knife. We should like to see displayed in this noble hall the highest glories of the herd as well as of the stable. In the summer there was a show of thorough-bred stallions, as well as of hunters, hacks, and roadsters. Why should not Londoners be taught to admire the strength, symmetry, and spirit of a bull of aristocratic lineage? One grows tired of viewing pure-bred short-horns in exclusive reference to their meat-making capability. The sires of some of the mountains of flesh exhibited in this hall have as much beauty and courage as are to be found in any animals in the world, and rightly might such bulls be taken as types of heroic valour. There is, among the papers of the late Sir William Napier, a story of a bull which met a company of British soldiers on march, and charged them. The scene of this encounter was the island of Mauritius. The company was marching in a column of sections, when the bull dashed into it from the rear, knocking the men all ways, and, emerging at the front, rushed onwards. Hardly had the men had time to pick themselves up and recover their order, when the bull turned

round and charged their front. The commanding officer called out—"Prepare to receive cavalry," and the men fixed their bayonets and got down just in time to meet the shock. The bull charged home, and fell pierced by a dozen bayonets. The story is told as a remarkable example of the courage of the British soldier, but we think that the courage of the bull of the island of Mauritius was most conspicuous upon this occasion. However, let us return to Islington, and contemplate the sort of bovine merit which is in request there, and the reward of it. The judges hesitated long over their award of the silver cup to the best beast in the show. From among half a score competitors who had taken the first prizes of their classes, the judges selected three—a short-horn, a Hereford, and a cross-breed. Then, after further deliberation, the cross-breed was sent away. Yet, says a critic, he was a grand beast, with thickly-meated rib and immense weight, but "a little deficient in the rounds of beef." And now the judges wavered between the Hereford and the short-horn. The Hereford is "well covered everywhere with beef of extremely fine quality," but ultimately he has to give way to the short-horn, an "extremely handsome" red and white steer, not nearly so large as the Hereford, and almost two years younger. In a butcher's point of view this award was perhaps open to exception, for it seems that the judges looked to the quality of the live animal rather than to the quantity of beef which he would make when dead. We cannot help thinking that the judges decided on a sound principle; but if the awards ought to be made with exclusive reference to the slaughter-house, it would be more satisfactory to make them after the butcher's knife, and also the roasting-jack or gridiron, have done their work, and perhaps the task of judging would be appropriately devolved on an ancient and honourable body called the Beefsteak Club. The beautiful short-horned steer who thus gained the first prize of his class of 20*l.*, and the silver cup of 40*l.*, now reckons as the crowning honour of his career that he has been bought by the landlord of a tavern in the north of London, who designs, as may be supposed, to convert him into beef by Christmas Day. To find an adequate parallel for such a consummation, we must think of the dust of Alexander the Great stopping a bung-hole. An enthusiastic critic calls this same animal "the young king of the show," and adds, as the climax of earthly glory, "A butcher" (he should have said a tavern-keeper with butcherly intent) "gave 70*l.* for him."

It is to be hoped that, after so large a supply of pigs as has been brought into London for this show, we shall not for some time hear any more of prosecutions for making unwholesome pork-pies. The usual bill of fare of a weekly contemporary contained lately an item which deserves notice, in the shape of a letter by "Warder" upon "Putrid Meat in Pork-Pies." Time was when the champions of the people were occupied with more formidable complaints. The intility of a House of Lords, or the bigotry of the Bench of Bishops, or the corruption or imbecility of the Ministry, were the sort of subjects that might have roused the eloquence of a "Warder" thirty years ago. But now, looking out from the watch-tower where he watches over the rights and liberties of Englishmen, he can discover no greater grievance than this of the deleterious quality of the meat which is offered for popular consumption in pork-pies. It has been said lately that this is not a time for fierce political conflicts and fundamental changes of the constitution, but for small, quiet, unostentatious legislative improvements in which all parties may concur. In other words, "Warder" and his fellows are reduced to concern themselves with the reform of the constitution, not of the House of Commons, but of pork-pies. Certainly there is no excuse for supplying Londoners with unwholesome meat when the facilities for carriage have rendered the resources of the whole of England available to feed the capital. The vast collection of animals and machinery exhibited at the Agricultural Hall exemplifies in a very striking manner the power of railways. Even the most shapely oxen in the Show could with difficulty walk from the sides to the centre of the hall in order to come into the presence of the judges, and yet many of these animals had been brought from Scotland or Devonshire. One would prefer to see the elegant legs of the short-horned ox rather less heavily oppressed with superincumbent beef; but in the case of a fat pig anything like a power of locomotion appears incongruous. If one of those animals can stand up, it ought only to be for the sake of trying whether in that position it may not be possible to swallow rather more food. Ordinarily they lie, when not feeding, in peaceful slumber, and the favourite position of repose is to rest the chin on the plump body of a fellow. Perhaps a pig sleeping in this attitude enjoys a softer pillow than would be afforded even by that

bed of peace, whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses,

of which the poet speaks. The sole drawback to the perfection with which the precept to "rest and be thankful" is carried out by a party of prize pigs, is that only two out of three occupiers of a pen can conveniently enjoy at the same time the luxury of being pillowed on the bodies of their companions. It strikes us that the third pig of the pen ought to be supplied by the proprietors of the Hall with some sort of support for his chin which should imitate as nearly as possible the yielding natural pillow which is enjoyed by the other two. We do not ourselves anticipate that art will be able in this respect to equal nature, but it seems that some of the authorities who preside over Cattle Shows would be disposed to think it can. We find that the Judges of the Royal Agricultural Society's Exhibition of last year reported that

Hornsbys's Root Pulper commended itself to the practical farmer by the character of its grinders, which are easily drawn, sharpened, and reset. The Judges add, "Would that man's dentition were as effectual and accommodating;" from which remark it appears that, in the opinion of the authors of it, nature is but a blunderer in her work as compared with art. We suppose that the prevalence of this opinion measures the advance which has been made in agricultural and other sciences. The saying that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like the lilies of the field may have been true when it was uttered, but that was a long time ago, and considerably anterior to the improvements which have been effected both in the quality of wool and in the process of its manufacture into cloth. It seems to us, however, with all deference to the Agricultural Society, that if nature had designed man to feed on mangel wurzel and Swedes, she would have managed to supply him with a "dentition" effectual for converting these roots into pulp. It is true that the teeth of man, not being "stopped with wooden pegs," cannot be taken out and put in again at pleasure; but there are several machines contrived by nature for which art has not been able to devise anything like a substitute. Take, for instance, a pig, and consider him simply as a machine for converting potatoes and barley meal into a far more nourishing species of human food. It may be doubted whether art is likely ever to produce a tolerable imitation of the "dentition," digestion, placid temper, and other apparatus by which nature has provided for the transformation of roots and grain into hams, quarters of bacon, and loins of pork. But within proper limits, the application of inventive and constructive art to the assisting of the farmer's labour is highly laudable, and yields every year a larger crop of valuable results. We have no doubt that the machine "for turning salt butter into fresh" deserves all the testimonials, many hundred in number, which have been written in its favour by "such families as the Hanburys, the Barings, &c.;" nor do we question that the inventor of the "prize butter-prints," by which a crest may be clearly impressed upon a pat of butter before it is brought to table, is entitled to rank as a benefactor of the agricultural world. It is obvious that by this invention pats of butter might be made to carry, not only heraldic emblems, but also moral or religious sentences, or the names and addresses of tradesmen who desire to advertise.

It must be owned that the eagerness of a crowd of advertisers produces many absurdities, which rather detract from the character of the Cattle Show. But, nevertheless, the primary object of that show is attained. It is instructive and stimulating to the enterprise of farmers, and pleasing to everybody who goes there. We believe that there were people so deficient in perception of the useful and the beautiful as to come away from what was called the Industrial Exhibition, held lately at the Agricultural Hall, confessing wearily that they felt bored. But everybody likes a Cattle Show, and no eloquent orator is needed to awaken admiration for the beauties, or to draw attention to the distinctive marks, of Devon, Hereford, Highland, and short-horn cows and oxen, and Leicester, Cotswold, Southdown, and mountain sheep. In some sense, perhaps, a pen of prize pigs may be called an "industrial exhibition," for the stomach of the pig is never idle by day or night; whereas, even for a carpenter who occupies his leisure hours in knitting stockings, there must be for some hours a folding of the hands in sleep. At the exhibition which Mr. Gladstone lauded there were some things shown of which ordinary minds failed to perceive the use, but everybody can understand without explanation what is meant to be done with bacon.

REVIEWS.

LORD DERBY'S HOMER.*

THIS is neither the time nor the place to reopen the question into what sort of metre Homer may best be translated. The time was when professors were lisping the praises of the hexameter, and while yet the mania for English dactyls and spondee was strong upon doctors of philosophy and science. That rage was soon over, and its wholesome result is the convergence of all the ablest judgments in favour of some one genuine English medium of translation. We have always regarded the claims of blank verse to be such a medium with a favour which we have not been able to accord to any rival, unless it be the "Locksley Hall" metre so deftly applied to Homeric translation by Mr. Gladstone; and we are glad, therefore, to receive an apt illustration of our views on the subject. In truth, till now, the difficulty has been to find fitting samples of our ideal, and the advocates of blank verse have laboured under the disadvantage attending the vendors of an article of which the only specimens are of a sorry order. It is easy to rail at Pope's Homer, and to say that all its faults might have been avoided by the adoption of blank verse instead of heroic metre; but those who do so must lie under the imputation of being to Pope what Gilbert Wakefield styled himself, "the lifeless guide-post stationed merely to point the road to the vigorous traveller who can pursue it," unless they can set up a strong and logical rival on

their side of the question. Cowper, with all his merits of fidelity, taste, and scholarship, is not such. His verse is harsh, broken, inharmonious. It strains after effect; it is stilted; it is crotchety. There is none of the simplicity of Homer in the involution of his sentences, which are far from representing the easy, transparent natural sense of the original. Brandreth's blank verse translation may be approached by such as seek a barrenly faithful version, of painful evenness, and unrelieved mediocrity. Mr. Norgate's recent translation of the *Iliad* into dramatic blank verse is a curiosity at which we continually find ourselves rubbing our eyes, scarce deeming that the liberties which he takes with the Queen's English can really have actual existence in print. Of Mr. Wright's unfinished version we cannot speak save by hearsay. It is, then, no light matter to the favourers of a blank verse *Iliad* that their just hopes have been raised by Lord Derby leaping into the lists as their champion, with the prestige of success in his *Translations of Poems, Ancient and Modern*, and of the credit which Englishmen agree in giving him for spirit, vigour, ambition, and prowess. Here is one who will hardly rest content with the second prize; and, before opening his *Iliad*, we divine at once that his gage is thrown down, not to the blank verse translators, whom he practically ignores, but to the great master who, however unfaithfully, yet represents Homer to English readers—to that splendid genius who has so long held unquestioned lordship of the Homeric field, for the most part because no competent antagonist has arisen to invalidate his pretensions and to contest his claims. For indeed, although Lord Derby is doubtless sincere in deprecating "the presumption to enter into competition" with Pope, it is impossible not to see that, unless with an eye to such competition—unless with the design, conscious or unconscious, of unseating Pope from his pedestal—the freshly-upspringing translators of Homer essay a work which is scarcely worth its labour. Too long has the supremacy of an undoubted genius been voted unapproachable, though, with a strange inconsistency, every other person one meets has a stone to fling at the shortcomings of the bard of Twickenham's Homer. To us it seems that the only just method of estimating Lord Derby's measure of success is to set him, despite his modesty, in the arena which he deprecates; to test his version by the same crucial tests which criticism has applied to the great English poet against whom we take the liberty of pitting him; and to deal with the twain as if each had his literary fame to acquire, and there were no overpowering weight of authority and antiquity in the one case to make us dread vexing a great shade, or disturbing illustrious ashes. There are some points, no doubt, in which the comparison fails. The very choice of blank verse, as a means of avoiding the fetters which cramp the full, simple, easy flow of Homer, cuts off Lord Derby from a rivalry with his great predecessor in a portion of his art where he often enacts miracles. With a countless host of vicious rhymes on the record against him, is it not in his admirable couplets that the secret of Pope's hold upon our ears, in defiance of the sounder verdict of our understandings, is to be found? To adopt blank verse is to forego this charm, which has, it may be, biased popular favour in a far larger measure than we are apt to think. But, on the other hand, there are very essential points in which Pope is generally allowed to have failed, and that signally. No one in these days has the hardihood to do battle for his fidelity to his original. An inspiration, no less happy than true, prompted one of his well-wishers to characterise his *Iliad* as

Perfida, sed quamvis perfida, cara tamen.

And yet fidelity is surely a translator's first virtue; and as such we look for it, not in vain, in the volumes before us. Not, indeed, that there might not be risk of barrenness in uninspired literalism. It is to be understood that no passage cited in proof of Lord Derby's fidelity to his original is claimed by us as deserving of account unless it also possess the accompanying merits of grace, force, and elegance. Our first sample shall be Antenor's description of Ulysses, side by side with Menelaus, taken from Book III. 211-24:—

When both were standing o'er his comrade high
With broad-set shoulders Menelaus stood;
Seated Ulysses was the nobler form:
Then, in the great assembly, when to all
Their public speech and argument they fram'd,
In fluent language Menelaus spoke,
In words though few yet clear; though young in years
No wordy babbler, wasteful of his speech:
But when the skill'd Ulysses rose to speak
With downcast visage would he stand, his eyes
Bent on the ground; the staff he bore, nor back
He waved, nor forward, but like one untaught,
He held it motionless; who only saw
Would say that he was mad, or void of sense;
But when his chest its deep-ton'd voice sent forth
With words that fell like flakes of wintry snow,
No mortal with Ulysses could compare:
Though little reck'd we of his outward show.—V. l. p. 92.

There is here the most faithful observance of the Greek, with the ease, grace, and spirit of original poetry. Saving the last verse, not the strictest literalist could suggest an alteration or improvement; and even there the translator's interpretation comes within the range of authority, though we are disposed to think that the meaning of *ὁὐδέ τις ἄνθρωπος ἀνὰ δόξαν ἴδεντα* is rather, "Then little reck'd we of his outward show," i.e. "we thought no more of his figure, after we had heard him talk."

What, again, can be more faithful than this translation of Jove's

* *Homer's Iliad, rendered into English Blank Verse.* By Edward, Earl of Derby. London: John Murray. 1864.

arbitrement of the rival fates in his golden scales, extracted from the 8th Book, vv. 66-73, ὅρα μὲν ἦός τε, κ.τ.λ.

While yet 'twas morn, and was'd the youthful day,
Thick flew the shafts, and fast the people fell
On either side: but when the Sun had reach'd
The middle Heaven, th' Eternal Father hung
His golden scales aloft, and placed in each
The fatal death-lot: for the sons of Troy
The one, the other for the brass-clad Greeks;
Then held them by the midst; down sank the lot
Of Greece, down to the ground, while high aloft
Mounted the Trojan scale, and rose to Heaven.—Vol. i. p. 239.

And yet there is here no compromise of poetic feeling or epic spirit. Or, again, can any word-painting be more exact, while yet graphic in the highest degree, than the simile which we select out of the rich abundance of such passages (in almost every instance rendered by Lord Derby with rare faultlessness), and which in the 14th Book is employed to illustrate to our perceptions the meeting of Greeks and Trojans in the battle fray.—(cf. XIV. 394-401):—

Less loud the roar of ocean's wave that, driv'n
By stormy Boreas, breaks upon the beach;
Less loud the crackling of the flames that rage
In the deep forest of some mountain glen;
Less loud the wind, to wildest fury roused,
Howls in the branches of the lofty oaks;
Than rose the cry of Trojans and of Greeks
As each, with furious shout, encountered each.—Vol. ii. p. 65.

We are tempted to cull one more simile from the 11th Book, comparison of which we particularly invite with the original, as well as with Pope, and any other extant translation (XI. 67-77):—

As in the corn-land of some wealthy lord
The rival bands of reapers mow the swathe,
Barley or wheat, and fast the trusses fall;
So Greeks and Trojans mow'd th' opposing ranks:
Nor these admitted thought of faint retreat,
But still made even head; while those, like wolves
Rush'd to the onset: Discord, goddess dire,
Beheld rejoicing, &c.—Vol. i. p. 337.

The compression of Lord Derby's rendering of ἵσας ὀύμινυ κεφαλὰς ἔχον, which we mark in italics, pleases us far better than Cowper's more elaborate line:—

Alike in fierce hostility their heads
Both bore aloft.

It is not, however, merely in whole passages that this good faith with the original is to be discerned in Lord Derby's version. It comes out even more conspicuously in lines and half-lines, in exact turns of a sentence, a word, or a phrase. In many such instances "honesty" vindicates its title to be the "best policy." This sort of "poetic justice" rarely comes in the way of those who criticise translations of the classics, but the few illustrations which we jot down may serve to show how deserving it is to be made a note of, when found.

It is a happy gift that enables a translator to throw off as an English equivalent for Homer's description of Agamemnon (II. 579-80):—

ἐνδύων ὅτι πᾶσι μετέπρεπεν ἡρώεσσιν
οὐνὲς ἄριστος ἔην, πολὺ δὲ πλείστους ἄγε λαοὺς—

such lines as—

Went forth exulting in his high estate,
Lord of the largest host, and chief of chiefs;

or to render γρόστιον αἶθρα οἶνον . . . κίρνωται (IV. 259), "In lordly goblets mix the ruddy wine." There is a phrase, twice at least occurring in the Iliad, which is a definition, it would seem, of the thickest of the fight, and which is a perfectly intelligible metaphor, if we take it literally. Yet translators have been shy of handling the words in question, πολίμοιο γιγνέσθαι, in the natural way, in IV. 371 and XI. 179. Lord Derby's happy boldness conveys him to success when in one case he translates, "Why appall'd survey *The pass of war?*" and in the other, "Athwart *the pass of war* Was many an empty car at random hurled." Many neat renderings occur to us; as, e.g., XII. 45, ἀγηνόρη δὲ μιν ἔκτα, "With suicidal courage"; ibid. 177, Σαπυδαῖς πῦρ λαῖνον, "A more than human storm of stones"; XIV. 155, ποινύοντα μάχην δαυ ἐνδύανταν, "Busied in the glory-giving strife"; XXII. 4, σάκε' ὤμοισιν κλιναντες, "With slanted shields"; ibid. 268, παντοίης ἀρετῆς μνήσκειο, "Mind thee of all thy fence," and such like. But happiest of all we regard the bold yet exact translation of Achilles' first words to the prostrate Hector in XXII. 345, μή με, κύον, γούνων γονάξω, which Lord Derby gives:—

Knee me no knees, vile hound.

Surely this bespeaks a master-touch, and shows how genius can impart dignity and nature to a strange expression, to the manifest enrichment of the language in which it makes itself felt. In weaker hands such boldness is a different thing. Ridicule alone is provoked by the desire to be literal which makes a recent translator render κορυδαλμῶς "with tearing speed"; nor is the same hand more successful where it translates Ὅσα δέδμη in Book II. "Rumour ran like wildfire."

But another virtue which critics miss in Pope is simplicity. This, though akin to fidelity, is not synonymous with it. Cowper affected, more than ought else, faithfulness to his original; yet he did not the more escape a stilted manner most foreign to the genius of Homer. Herein Lord Derby need fear nothing when put on his trial. The main characteristic of his style is its unlaboured ease and fluency. None know so well as those most practised in translation the strength of temptation to the opposite

vice, the inherent bias to involution and roundabout expression. And nowhere is "simplicity" so telling as in Homeric translation; nowhere is it so often a desideratum. Full credit then is due to one who is truly, as Lord Derby, "simplex munditiis"; graceful and alive to beauty of style, and yet luminously easy and perspicuous. An extract or two will illustrate Lord Derby's simplicity of style, ere we close, for the present, our estimate of the value of his achievement. Harken to Ulysses, addressing the common herd of Greeks in Book II. 200-206:—

Good friend, keep still and hear what others say,
Thy betters far: for thou art good for nought,
Of small account in council or in fight.
All are not sov'reigns here: ill fares the state
Where many masters rule: let one be Lord,
One King supreme, to whom wise Saturn's son
In token of his sov'reign power hath given
The sceptre's sway, and ministry of law.—i. p. 44.

How much more stilted is Cowper's English of the italicized words:—

Such plurality of kings
Were evil.

And yet Cowper was one of the sticklers for faithfulness, which his own case proves was not identical with simplicity. See, to take another instance, the unlaboured grace and simplicity of the four verses which we next quote, and which it will repay the reader to compare with the original (IV. 129-31):—

Pallas before thee stood and turned aside
The pointed arrow—turn'd it so aside
As when a mother from her infant's cheek,
Wrapt in sweet slumbers, brushes off a fly.—i. p. 112-13.

We must give one more extract, a noble version of that noble passage in the Ninth Book, where prayers are personified in memorable language (IX. 502-12 καὶ γὰρ τὴ Διταὶ ἡσὶ κ.τ.λ.):—

Prayers are the daughters of immortal Jove;
But halt, and wrinkled, and of feeble sight
They plod in Ate's track; while Ate, strong
And swift of foot, outstrips their laggard pace,
And dealing woe to man, o'er all the earth
Before them flies; they, following, heal her wounds.
Him who with honour welcomes their approach,
They greatly aid and hear him when he prays;
But who rejects, and sternly casts them off,
To Saturn's son they go and make their prayer,
That Ate follow him and claim her dues.—i. p. 292-3.

Surely this is fraught with noble simplicity, and with corresponding force. There is not a word in it we would alter. Cowper, on the same ground, is more ambitious, and less successful; whereas, if we look to Pope, we are constrained to marvel at the audacity which could have induced him to embody, in the translation of so remarkable a passage, extraneous matter imported from Dacier's French, with which he seems to have been more at home than with Homer's Greek. More could we say of Lord Derby's happy imitation of Homer's simplicity, in which to have so completely clothed his own graceful English is no mean step towards the height we cannot acquit him of aspiring to. In another paper, we shall endeavour to show that in two other important particulars he stands out in favourable contrast to Pope; and, upon a survey of the whole, to make good a carefully-formed conviction, that he has, in this very remarkable work, given evidence of heeding, with crowning success, the Homeric maxim:—

Αὐτὸν ἀριστέων, καὶ ὑπέρτονον ἱμῆνας ἄλλων.

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LEGACY.*

MR. DICKENS seems resolved to make the story of Mrs. Lirriper an exhaustive representation of both his merits and his defects. The critic may find in it nearly every excellence and nearly every perversity of the author's genius. Last year one felt that another character had been added to the long list of Mr. Dickens' creations whose names are household words among all sorts and conditions of people in Great Britain, and Australia, and the United States, and wherever else humour that is so essentially English can hope to be appreciated. If Mrs. Lirriper is less familiarly and frequently alluded to than Sairey Gamp, or Sam Weller, or Mr. Micawber, it can only be because she accidentally lacks a more elaborate setting, and not from any want of distinctness and individuality in her own character. Her shrewdness and thriftiness, her prejudices, her simplicity, her real good-heartedness, veiled as it is by vigorous sarcasms against Miss Wozenham, or the Wandering Christians, or servants, and, above everything, her confused volubility of speech, all make Mrs. Lirriper a real person in the reader's mind. Her name calls up a human being, and not a mere parcel of droll sayings or eccentricities of manner. The twelve pages in which, last Christmas, Mr. Dickens made her a familiar friend to so many thousands of people are perhaps the most inimitable of his performances. The extreme brevity, and, for all this, the vivid completeness, with which she was introduced show how thoroughly the author had grasped an original notion. The same observation is still true in a large measure this year, and Mrs. Lirriper has lost none of her humour, or her good sense, or her benevolence, or her volubility. We instantly recognise the old style in the first half-dozen lines, when she grumbles, in her good-tempered and bewildered way, about the stairs, "and why kitchen-stairs should all be corner-stairs is for the builders to justify though I do not think they fully understand their trade and never did, else

* Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy. The Extra Christmas Number of *All the Year Round*. For Christmas, 1864. London: Chapman & Hall. 1864.

why the sameness and why not more conveniences and fewer draughts, and likewise making a practice of laying the plaster on too thick I am well convinced which holds the damp." And we are at once reminded of the ingenious description of photographs as "wanting in mellowness as a general rule, and making you look like a new-ploughed field," by the droll fancy of "what I says speaking as I find of those new metal chimneys all manner of shapes is that they only work your smoke into artificial patterns for you before you swallow it and that I'd quite as soon swallow mine plain, the flavour being the same, not to mention the conceit of putting up signs on the top of your house to show the forms in which you take your smoke into your inside." Her opinion of "those hotels calling themselves Limited but called Unlimited by Major Jackman" is quite characteristic. "My mind of those monsters," she says, "is gave me a landlord's or landlady's wholesome face when I come off a journey and not a brass plate with an electrified number clicking out of it which it's not in nature can be glad to see me." For herself she much prefers "Lodgings as a business hoping to die in the same and if agreeable to the clergy partly read over at St. Clement's Danes and concluded in Hatfield churchyard when lying once again by my poor Lirriper ashes to ashes and dust to dust."

But though Mrs. Lirriper has lost none of her peculiarities, she has grown sentimental, just as Mr. Dickens himself is sentimental, and more than one-half of the present story is occupied in developing her benevolence. The text that there is good in persons where good is not to be expected is illustrated by the motherly landlady with rather disproportionate copiousness, but it gives the writer an opportunity of introducing one or two other personages. A theatrical spendthrift, of a stamp frequently found in Mr. Dickens' novels, is made "poor dead and gone Lirriper's own youngest brother the Doctor though Doctor of what I am sure it would be hard to say unless Liquor, for neither Physic nor Music nor yet Law does Joshua Lirriper know a morsel of except continually being summoned to the County Court and having orders made upon him which he runs away from." The Doctor of Liquor was on one occasion taken by the sheriff's officers in Mrs. Lirriper's own passage, after sending in "a piece of paper twisted more like one of those spills for lighting candles than a note, offering me the choice between thirty shillings in hand and his brains on the premises marked immediate and waiting for an answer." However, it gave her "such a dreadful turn to think of the brains of my poor dear Lirriper's own flesh and blood flying about the new oil-cloth, however unworthy to be so assisted," that Joshua got what he wanted, in spite of Major Jackman's vehement opposition. The Major ought to have been more tender to the pecuniary failings of his neighbours, remembering his own "little irregularity which I will not particularly specify in a quarter which I will not name." But Joshua was an irreclaimable scamp, and the Major had no patience. "But still Joshua Lirriper has his good feelings and shows them in being always so troubled in mind when he cannot wear mourning for his brother." Mrs. Lirriper has long left off her weeds, "not being wishful to intrude"; "but the tender point in Joshua that I cannot help yielding to is when he writes 'One single sovereign would enable me to wear a decent suit of mourning for my much loved brother: I vowed at the time of his lamented death that I would ever wear sables in memory of him but alas how short-sighted is man How keep that vow when penniless!'" Mrs. Lirriper then reflects that, as the Doctor could not have been seven years old when Lirriper died, the strength of his feelings is highly creditable. To make a shrewd old London landlady, however benevolent, capable of being taken in by so preposterous a device, is just one of those pieces of extravagance which have so often done much to spoil the effects of Mr. Dickens' rare and inexhaustible fancy.

Mr. Buffle, the tax-gatherer, is another instance to prove that "we might most of us come to a better understanding if we kept one another less at a distance." His manners, when engaged in his business, were not agreeable, for "to collect is one thing and to look about as if suspicious of the goods being gradually removing in the dead of the night by a back door is another, over taxing you have no control but suspecting is voluntary." The Buffle family were as unpopular as their head; "when you are a householder you'll find it does not come by nature to like the Assessed, and it was considered besides that a one-horse pheayton ought not to have elevated Mrs. Buffle to that height especially when purloined from the Taxes." The scene between Mr. Buffle and the Major, who is indignant at Mr. Buffle's gratuitous suspicions, is in Mr. Dickens' best-known manner, and the subsequent interview is equally characteristic. The Major had knocked Mr. Buffle's hat off on the previous day, and was eager to offer him satisfaction. The two met before the area railings. "The Major takes off his hat at arm's length, and says, 'Mr. Buffle, I believe.' Mr. Buffle takes off his hat at arm's length and says, 'That is my name sir.' Says the Major, 'Have you any commands for me, Mr. Buffle?' Says Mr. Buffle, 'Not any sir.' Then both of 'em bowed very low and haughty and parted." But the account of the fire in which the Major rescues his foe and all his family, and brings them to Mrs. Lirriper's, where, though at first stiff, they afterwards "being fully insured get sociable," is dreadfully tame and meaningless. It only serves to illustrate Mr. Dickens' fondness for dragging in a weak moral at all hazards. The necessity for preaching universal benevolence causes Mrs. Lirriper's professional hatred of Miss Wozenham, who let lodgings over the way, to be sacrificed with peculiar weakness. "I had a feeling," Mrs. Lirriper confesses, "of much soreness several years respecting

what I must still ever call Miss Wozenham's systematic under-bidding and the likeness of the house in Bradshaw having far too many windows and a most umbrageous and outrageous Oak which never yet was seen in Norfolk Street nor yet a carriage and four at Wozenham's door, which it would have been far more to Bradshaw's credit to have drawn a cab." This feeling of much soreness was one of the best touches in Mrs. Lirriper's character, and though quite ready to admire the magnanimity with which she lent the hated Wozenham forty pounds, we are a good deal disappointed at the loss of a harmless and amusing animosity. It would have been a blunder to make her dance a triumphant waltz over the selling up of Wozenham's goods, but we certainly lose half of Mrs. Lirriper's individuality when we think of her as living in peace and good will with her rival. The scene of the reconciliation, with its tears and kissing of hands and mutual confessions, is, we must say, in the author's least agreeable style of maudlin sentimentality. Mr. Dickens has not understood, and probably never will understand, that sentimental benevolence is worth uncommonly little, and the addition of it to the character of a poor old pagan like Mrs. Lirriper has gone some way to spoil the whole picture. No doubt many persons like to have everything end with a little gush of this sort, but to turn Mrs. Lirriper into a sentimentalist and to make her love her enemies is, in its way, as vexatious as if Mr. Tennyson were to write an account of the eventual conversion and orthodox resignation of the Northern Farmer.

However, even in her comparative disguise, Mrs. Lirriper is amusing until she comes to her legacy. As she says, "one thing does so bring up another," and her aimless chat is so good that nobody but Mr. Dickens could have written it; but from the entry of the Frenchman to the winding up it is almost incredible that the author of the rest had written the sequel. As *Little Dorrit* is to *Martin Chuzzlewit*, so is the end of Mrs. Lirriper to the beginning. When one remembers Thackeray's way of making Frenchmen talk English, Mr. Dickens' attempt is simply painful:—

"Does Madame Lirriper?" says the gentleman "believe she rrrecognises her unfortunate compatriot?"

You may imagine the flurry it put me into my dear to be talked to about my compatriots.

I says "Excuse me. Would you have the kindness sir to make your language as simple as you can?"

"This Englishman unhappy, at the point of death. This compatriot afflicted," says the gentleman.

"Thank you sir" I says "I understand you now. No sir I have not the least idea who this can be."

"Has Madame Lirriper no son, no nephew, no godson, no frriend, no acquaintance in Frvrance?"

What Mrs. Lirriper saw in France is scarcely more happily described. Of course there are happy bits of oddity here, as there are even in *Little Dorrit*. In her passage across the Channel, Mrs. Lirriper did not find "much motion on the whole, though me with a swimming in the head and a sinking but able to take notice that the foreign insides appear to be constructed hollower than the English leading to much more tremendous noises when bad sailors." The splendours of Paris made her feel "as if it was beautiful fireworks being let off inside her head." Most people can appreciate her estimate of her adopted son's French, "the only thing wanting as it appeared to me being that he hardly ever understood a word of what they said to him which made it scarcely of the use it might have been though in other respects a perfect Native." "Regarding the Major's fluency I should have been of the opinion judging French by English that there might have been a greater choice of words in the language." Still these occasional returns to the manner of *Eighty-One*, Norfolk Street, do not compensate for the dreariness of the waste in which they are found. It would be presumptuous to say that Mr. Dickens does not understand a character which he has himself created, but he certainly appears to have forgotten the very secret of its success. The absence of anything like mental outlook, the narrowness and meanness, which marked Mrs. Lirriper's life, made its highest charm, because everybody could see the substantial truthfulness of the picture. Nothing could be more admirable in its own way than her account of Norfolk Street, Strand; that "of a summer evening when the dust and waste paper lie in it and stray children play in it, and a kind of gritty calm and bake settles on it, and a peal of churchbells is practising in the neighbourhood it is a trifle dull." When she talks about sitting every evening in a French town with a fine cathedral "looking up at the golden and rosy light as it changed on the great towers, and looking at the shadows of the towers as they changed on all about us ourselves included," we can only wish her well back again in the gritty calm of Norfolk Street. The truthfulness and genuineness of feeling have disappeared, and little remains that is worthy of the genius which called Mrs. Lirriper into being. The last half of Mr. Dickens' contribution to the present number might almost have been written by the authors of the stories which make up the rest, and anything less flattering could scarcely be said.

M. SAISSET ON LIFE AND THE SOUL.*

THE death of M. Émile Saisset, Professor of the History of Philosophy at the Sorbonne, is a serious blow to French literature in general. To the cause of abstract or spiritualist

* *L'Âme et la Vie, suivi d'un Examen Critique de l'Esthétique Française.* Par Émile Saisset. Paris: 1864.

philosophy the loss must be well-nigh irreparable. The age, as it grows older, becomes to all appearance more and more positive and materialist. It is the age of the exact sciences and of industrial progress. Men are weary of abstract speculation, they are afraid of contemplation and thought. Solid facts, material results, utilitarian applications, these are what are asked for at the hands of philosophers and scientific men. Still, amidst the torrent of empiricism which carries away the thought and feeling of the time, there have ever been a few earnest and resolute spirits who have dared to stem the flood, and to reiterate in the ears of a hard and materialist generation the questions which have never had an answer—which have only been set aside by an age stunned with the noise of man's conquests over nature, or beguiled by the baits of palpable and mundane goods. We know not how long there may still remain among ourselves, or in neighbouring countries, any witnesses to these almost forgotten truths; and it is, therefore, with the greater sense of their value that we welcome the republication of almost the last words of one so eminent as M. Saisset in his testimony on behalf of the diviner and more spiritual aspect of man and nature. We trust that many more of the remains of the deceased Professor may yet be given to the world. The present little volume is made up of two short papers, written for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* within the last three years. They are slight and informal in texture—consisting, in fact, but of short critical notices of recent French publications. Had the writer lived, they would have been rewritten in a more extended and systematic shape; but they are marked by sufficient depth and point to justify the idea of reprinting them in their present form, and to make them worthy of repeated and careful perusal.

The first, entitled *L'Âme et la Vie*, has for its subject a critical discussion of the recent revival in France of the "animism" of Stahl, in relation to the general fortunes of spiritualist philosophy. But to this special criticism is prefixed a clear, though rapid, summary of the revolutions in thought which have led to a revival in some respects so little to be anticipated. To go back to the source of modern philosophy, in France at least, we trace the secret of the mighty influence of Descartes to the singularly clear, simple, and original idea which he formed of man, and the decisive mode in which he wrought out the problem of matter and spirit. What else is matter but space, with its twofold modes of form and motion? And what is the human body but a determinate mode of universal space, somewhat more complex than the other modes, but governed by the same laws? What, again, is the soul of man but that within us which feels, imagines, desires, reasons, wills? All this is, in fact, so much thought; so that the soul reduces itself to thought and its modes, as the body is resolvable into space, form, and motion. Body and soul are thus distinct from and independent of each other. Their separation at death is easy to be understood; and if their union is more difficult of comprehension, that may be viewed as a mere accident, and death, in putting an end to it, will give back to the soul its full and original independence. Clear and brilliant as this theory was, the reaction against it was prompt and vigorous. Some attacked the Cartesian definition of the soul, others that of the body. The formal and mechanical aspect of these doctrines, represented chiefly by Boerhaave and Hoffmann, aroused in particular the antagonism of Stahl, the learned chemist and profound physiologist of Jena, who, after professing medicine, anatomy, and chemistry for twenty-two years at Halle, became physician to the King of Prussia, and died at Berlin in the year 1734. M. Saisset's analysis of Stahl's system is vivid and precise, though somewhat more rhetorical than might be thought needful to a subject of strict science. Reduce the human body to an automaton—explain the circulation, the assimilation, the generative powers, as one explains the work of a clock—Stahl would away with the idea! The most subtle and complex combinations of space cannot produce a blade of grass—still less, therefore, the form of an animal—far less still that of a man. Life presupposes a principle superior to any merely mechanical or chemical agent; and this Stahl, as the leading idea of his philosophy, finds in the soul, the thinking self. "But," men object, "does the soul preside over the functions of the body, the digestion, the circulation of the blood? The soul is clearly unconscious of the working of these functions." What of that? replies Stahl. The soul performs many acts of which it knows nothing. There are in it two lives—that of conscious thought and will, and, beside and beneath that, the organic life, spontaneous and unconscious, which leaves no trace upon the memory, because it has nothing to do with reasoning and reflection. By virtue of this latent energy it is that the soul from the earliest point lays hold of the germ, organizes it, and makes of it an abode; and, after having formed its organs, maintains and regulates them; and, when the body is weary, or sick, or out of order, undertakes the task of reparation or cure. Such is the ingenious, though in some respects paradoxical, doctrine of Stahl. It has received the name of "Animism" on account of the sovereign part which it assigns to the soul among the functions of the organism. The animist, however, has had to suffer from the same violent overthrow of ideas which swept away for a time Locke, Leibnitz, and all the original opponents of Descartes. All spiritual belief came to be laughed at as much as innate ideas. From Locke to Condillac, from Condillac to Helvetius, from Helvetius to Cabanis and Lamarck, the descent was precipitate. There was no more account of Stahl and "animism." Nothing but sheer materialism remained.

At the beginning of the present century the reaction began to

set in towards a spiritualist revival. Maine de Biran brought to its aid his talent for inward observation and analysis, Royer Collard his powerful logic, Victor Cousin his deep feeling for the true, the beautiful, and the good, his wide historical glance, his power of fresh generalization, his deep reverence for the past. Another forward spirit in this earnest band was the reflective, the keen-sighted Théodore Jouffroy. Starting from a strictly Scottish standpoint, Jouffroy laid down two primary classes of ideas—those which the senses convey to us from without, and those which consciousness makes known to us from within. These facts, he maintains, are equally real, equally positive; each class has its separate laws, processes, and conditions. The one forms the subject of physical science, the other of psychology. After a keen and careful analysis of the facts both of corporal and mental life, Jouffroy arrived at this ultimate formula:—"Every phenomenon which takes place in man, and which is made known by consciousness as an act of personality (*du moi*), is a psychological phenomenon. All the rest belong to physiology." Not content with erecting this apparently solid barrier between the two sciences, Jouffroy proceeded to the bolder step of contrasting them in their certainty and their fruitfulness. From physiology, he argued, we can expect nothing but facts, of which the cause, the principle, and the motive remain for ever unknown. To psychology belongs the privilege of seizing, not merely facts, but causes, substance, being—the power that thinks and initiates. Men have been found to deny the reality of matter. No man has ventured, unless in paradox, to deny the existence and personality of self. Hence a new and conclusive proof of the being and spirituality of the soul. What matter is may remain, as at present, utterly unknown. But what spirit is we all know, for each man has the type of it within himself, that which thinks and feels and wills.

The crushing defeat of materialism expected by Jouffroy when he had read his memoir upon this theme before the Academy, in the presence of Broussais, was by no means found to follow. Never have the positive or materialist forces been more active and jubilant than at present, while in the spiritualist camp itself a vehement revolt has taken place against the authority of Jouffroy. The most striking symptom of this reaction is to be seen in the recent revival of the animism of Stahl. Quitting the historical for the critical manner of treatment, M. Saisset here applies his subtle and heightened intellect to a consideration of the bearings of this latter movement upon the fortunes of modern philosophy. The first result has necessarily been to throw down the barrier erected by Jouffroy between physiology and psychology. The two sciences are to be henceforth fused into the one study of life, or the soul. Not that the modern disciples of Stahl limit themselves to reproducing, naked and unchanged, the system of their master, or that they are at one in their adaptation of its principles to the exigencies of the day. We may, however, place at their head M. Francisque Bouillier, whose able work, *Du Principe Vital et de l'Âme Pensante*, forms the principal theme of M. Saisset's critical remarks. As a whole, the value of the movement lies in the powerful counterpoise it offers to the other special systems which contend for the single rule in the philosophy of life. These, including the original school of Stahl, are shown to be five in number. Beside the purely mechanical or molecular hypothesis which dates from Descartes, and that of the chemists which, since Lavoisier, sees in man but a laboratory of natural elements and reagents, there is the organic theory of Haller, Bichat, and the medical school of Paris generally; against which that of Montpellier, the school of Barthez and his followers, Dumas, Fouquet, and the eminent Professor Lordat, oppose the great principle of the unity of life, whence their system takes its name of "vitalism." The weak point of the latter system lies in its excessive complexity. Three substances in man are rather too much. This "vital principle," which is neither body nor soul, is difficult to be conceived. It savours of the mystic *archeus* of Paracelsus and Van Helmont. At the same time, M. Bouillier, in exposing its weakness, lays open the revived animist hypothesis to not less grave objections. The chief of these is that it puts in peril the distinctive character of psychology, which is that of unfolding itself by the pure light of consciousness. Every great school, however, has left behind it some truth of value, which may contribute as a special product towards the development of this master science. Two new faculties, at least, may thus be introduced at the instance of the new school within the pale of psychological study. One of these is the vital sense, or whatever else it may be called—the feeling, *i.e.*, which we have of the particular state of any organ, or of the organism in general. The other is that of the power of motion, or the motor sense (*faculté locomotrice*), the faculty of moving one or another of our organs. This is not necessarily connected with the will, but is instinctive and spontaneous. But above all these, which belong but to the earthly side of man, there remain a cloud of facts untouched by the method of the animist, and altogether beyond his sphere. These relate to man on his celestial side. It is here that M. Saisset lifts up his eloquent and feeling testimony to the reality of the things of the spirit—a world in which the soul attains its highest and truest life. The science of life is here manifold and complex; but the soul itself, and the life which shall be, are in essence one—simple, eternal, indissoluble:—

La psychologie comprend en effet trois régions distinctes que Maine de Biran avait seulement le tort de trop séparer; au centre, la vie réfléchie, volontaire, toute resplendissante de clarté; à côté, au-dessous, une vie obscure et subalterne, la vie animale, la vie de la bête; à l'extrémité opposée, au-dessus, non-seulement de la bête, mais de ce qu'il y a de proprement humain

dans la réflexion et la volonté, une vie sublime et obscure, qui inspire la raison, qui prévient et soutient la volonté, qui fait les saints et les héros, et jette dans les âmes, même les plus médiocres ou les plus dégradées, quelques éclairs d'héroïsme, quelque instinct confus du grand, du beau et du saint. Cette partie angélique et presque divine de l'âme humaine, Malebranche la signalait sous le nom de *grâce naturelle*, par opposition à la *grâce surnaturelle* des théologiens; de nos jours, M. Cousin l'a appelée spontanée, raison impersonnelle, et en a inauguré la théorie scientifique. Quant à Maine de Biran, il ne savait comment unir ces trois vies. Il aurait volontiers admis trois âmes. L'exagération est manifeste, car une vie sensitive étrangère à la personne morale, au moi, c'est quelque chose d'inconcevable, et une vie en Dieu ou le moi serait aboli, c'est la vieille illusion des mystiques invinciblement repoussée par le sens commun.

Reconnaître ces trois formes d'une seule et même vie, en déterminer les différences et les harmonies, s'établir dans le centre lumineux de la conscience et de là rayonner en tous sens, donner une main à la physiologie, et de l'autre rejoindre la métaphysique et la religion, voir l'homme tout entier, aussi bien dans sa condition terrestre que dans ses hautes parties et dans ses perspectives immortelles, le mettre en un juste rapport avec cet univers où il passe, avec Dieu qui le guide et qui l'attend, tel est le cadre que nous proposerions volontiers à quelque esprit à la fois observateur et métaphysicien, qui s'acquerrait, en le remplissant, une gloire durable.

In his essay upon the progress of the philosophy of taste in France, M. Saisset confines himself mainly to a critical examination of the able work of M. Charles Lévêque, *La Science du Beau*. As in the preceding paper, however, he prefaces his remarks by tracing back the present crisis of æsthetical ideas to the movement begun in 1818 against the sensationalism of Condillac. If there is one class of ideas in which the powerlessness of materialism is emphatically felt, it is in the idea of beauty, or in all that relates to art in general. Taking up the Academic line of reasoning, as laid down by Plato, and recently resumed in France in part by the refined eclecticism of Cousin, but more pointedly by the piercing and imaginative intellect of Jouffroy, M. Lévêque proceeds, by the exhaustive process of showing that the beautiful is neither the useful nor the agreeable, nor springs from any material quality whatsoever, to his own more positive definition of the idea. It is here, however, that Jouffroy's analysis splits upon the same rock which has proved fatal to all his predecessors. To obtain an intellectual measure of beauty, he distinguished in it the three elements of order and relative size of parts (*ordre et grandeur*)—thus far agreeing with Aristotle—together with life or active force. It is needless to point out, as M. Saisset has done effectually, that these are so far from exhausting the idea of beauty that they virtually leave it untouched. It is something above and beyond all these, something absolute and indefinable, but eminently real to the soul that is open to receive it—an idea ineradicable from the living and thinking self. No nearer to the point of scientific definition is the arbitrary theory of M. Charles Lévêque, who expands the three constituents of his master Jouffroy into eight, which he exemplifies by the various qualities which make up the beauty of a lily. His mistake is that of confounding a special and empirical observation with a general principle of truth. In the beauty, for example, of a child at play, or in that of a symphony of Haydn, or even in a white lily—which he oddly allows to be the most beautiful—where is to be found the writer's crotchet, *la vivacité normale de la couleur*? It is, of course, easy to talk of a "moral glow" or a "musical colouring." But these things belong to the realm of metaphor, not to that of philosophy. What, again, does he mean by "conformity to the highest type of its kind"? A pig, an ass, or a toad may attain to the highest ideal of their species; yet who will venture to speak of their beauty? Despite these inconsistencies and blemishes, however, the work of M. Lévêque is justly characterized by his gifted critic as impressed with the truest spirit of philosophy and good taste. It may be taken as a sign that the higher aspirations of thought are not yet dead in France, that sensual and material objects do not absorb the entire heart and mind of her younger men of talent, and that a healthier and purer régime may one day succeed to that which is now so lowering and so dead. In the permanence of spiritualist philosophy, as instanced by the works before us, we may hail a sign of hopeful augury. The mother of great aims and great characters—*magna parens virum*—she may be the means of nourishing a new and nobler national existence, and of bringing back the mind and heart of France from a passing period of torpor to faith, liberty, and life.

LOOKING BACK.*

THIS book, or at least the title-page of this book, will be perused with feelings of satisfaction by all who take an interest in the progress and welfare of our Indian possessions. It is a novel invented, written, printed, and published in India, dedicated to an Indian judge, offered "to the consideration of the Indian public," and, for aught we know to the contrary, bound in calico made from the cotton of the valley of the Ganges, and composed of paper which was once a cumbarbund or a pair of pajamahs. We could have no more convincing proof of the truth of what has been so frequently asserted of late about India having at last turned the corner. When a dependency takes to manufacturing its own luxuries, instead of importing them, it may be considered as pretty safe. The manufacturer of the necessities and comforts of life soon makes his appearance in a new community. Shoes will wear, and some youth, happy in a natural or acquired gift of cobbling, arises to execute the needful repairs. Then, in the course of some shoedearth, comes the important discovery that he who mended can

also, after a fashion, make. But in the case of luxuries the process is a much slower one. If the supply of Harvey's Sauce should fail, people will generally eat their kangaroo without a condiment, and wait for the next consignment, in preference to trying any makeshift colonial relish. It is only when things are settled, money easy, and prosperity fairly established, that the colonist can afford to be impatient of the delays and annoyances of importation.

Of course, the slightest inducement to manufacture the better the sign, and for this reason the appearance of a novel of Indian make is a peculiarly encouraging fact. Novels are about the last articles of luxury which we should have expected to find our colonies attempting to produce for themselves. When we consider the glutted state of the fiction market at home, it certainly does seem a bold speculation. There must be now in stock, and in process of manufacture, a quantity of novels more than sufficient to meet all home and colonial demands. Modern improvements have to such an extent facilitated and simplified the process that they pour from the press in a continuous stream, like the Enfield bullets from that ingenious machine at Woolwich, and are so cheap and abundant that we should have thought India would have found it much more economical to import. All honour, therefore, to the enterprising spirit of Mr. Walstab, who seeks to make the land of his adoption independent of the parent State. With men like him, and energy like his, the future of India is safe.

It does not at all detract from his merits that, while endeavouring to render his country self-supporting in the matter of light literature, he has also sought to produce a sort of fiction which shall, as far as possible, suit its climate and tastes. It is possible he may have observed some deficiency in this respect in those romances of the temperate zone with which the Indian public has hitherto been obliged to content itself. If we here occasionally find a modern novel somewhat of a tough job to get through, what must it be in India? Even with our bracing air, mild sky, and equable temperature, the exertion necessary to the right comprehension of the plot of an improved novel is sometimes very severe. But "the poor Indian, whose untutored mind" has to grapple with the author's ingenuities, sets about his task under the most unfavourable circumstances. It must indeed be hard work, when the thermometer is at about a hundred, and the whole system inert and languid, to bestow the requisite amount of attention upon the minutiae on which the interest of the story depends; to remember the number of the cab engaged on the night of the murder, that the crossing-sweeper who is to give material evidence had a wart on his nose, that the real will is in the third drawer of the second compartment of the *escritoire*, and all the other points about which it is necessary to have a clear and distinct understanding, else the art of the writer avails nothing. Besides which it may be that the excitement—the sensation, if it must be so—produced by these means does not suit India. Perhaps, as it is in cookery, the desideratum there in literature is something which shall be hot and spicy, without at the same time taxing the digestive organs too severely. If this be so, Mr. Walstab has succeeded to a marvel. His book, as compared with the sort of romance usually provided for the *dura ïia* of the English reading public, is very much what a curry is to a dish of devilled kidneys. It is highly spiced, but the reader incurs no risk of subsequent nightmare. It is a hodge-podge of duelling, love-making, scheming, and violence, slightly flavoured by assassination, and now and then a suspicion of supernaturalism, but all these ingredients are mixed up in a manner so artless that they cannot possibly produce any injurious effect on the imagination. Wisely has the author eschewed all effort at a plot, for the thread of story which runs through the book is innocent of anything so suggestive of design. The principal figures are two young gentlemen, one of whom, Mr. George Wainwright, is the narrator, and plays a part something like that of Chorus on the ancient stage. He comments, explains, and sermonizes, and has a way of taking the reader by the button as it were, and moralizing on the vanity of love, ambition, and other human weaknesses, which would be very irritating were the interest of the story at all of an absorbing nature. His sentiments on these subjects are generally conveyed in that deadly-lively form of humour, considered so stimulating by some writers, which lies in composing a supplement to Lemprière's Classical Dictionary adapted to modern notions, and describing Penelope as doing Berlin-wool work, and Tityrus, when jilted by Amarylhis, as enlisting in the 12th Legion, and so on. When he speaks of himself, and recounts his own adventures, he does so with an ingenuousness that is very pleasant, and he refers to his own personal attractions and virtues with a noble simplicity which we rarely find in narratives in the first person. Indeed, some of his proceedings, if described in the cold matter-of-fact language of the third person, would have a suspicious resemblance to the doings of a thorough scamp; for example, his making love to the wife of a man who had got him out of a serious scrape, probably prevented his expulsion from his college, and was furthermore an old friend of his father's. But the charming *simplicité* of Mr. Wainwright smothers any doubt that may rise in the reader's mind:—

I was very much obliged and grateful [he says], but I could not help thinking him a silly old man for his pains, and an old gentleman about whom I need concern myself very little. As I have said before, he was not a nice man, and so I could not like him very much or care about his society, but he was as kind as was possible for him, meant well, and so, for the sake of Madame, I would forgive him, overlook his shortcomings, visit at his chateau, and drink his wine, which was always of the best.

* *Looking Back*. By George Arthur Walstab. Calcutta: G. Wyman & Co. 1864.

Besides preaching, expressing contempt for plebeians, glorifying "old blood" and the "porcelain order" to which he claims to belong, advocating the practice of duelling, and talking of sending people to grass and giving it to them between the eyes, and so on, somewhat in the manner of the Guy Livingstone school, Mr. Wainwright's business in the book is to clear up the mystery about the fate of his friend and schoolfellow Harcourt Darrell. The latter is a violent youth who, being induced, by means of a forged letter, to believe that the lady of his love has cast him off, took to dissipation, and is supposed to have died of hard drinking. The construction of this part of the story is interesting as belonging to the age when the art of novel-writing was in its infancy. At one time it was a rather common device with novelists to employ what was vaguely termed a "secret society" to do any scheming or mischief they required for the purposes of the story. The contrivance was a clumsy one, and it soon fell into disuse; like ghosts, demons, and other unreal agencies in fiction. Mr. Walstab, however, thought that, although too old-fashioned and threadbare for European tastes, it might be furnished up for Indian use, just as, according to a recent writer in the *Times*, the cast-off liveries of Belgravia become court-suits in Ashantee; and he gives us an instance of this terrible institution, with all the customary attributes of mystery, ubiquity, unlimited power, and blind obedience on the part of its members. Its President is the secret author of Darrell's misfortunes, and that gentleman, having ascertained the fact, gets the story of his own death circulated, and becomes a member, the better to work out his revenge. The vengeance he takes is, on the whole, pretty complete. He contrives to supplant his enemy, prevents his being made a cardinal, and follows him out to Australia, where, with the assistance of some friendly bushrangers, he ties him down on an ant-hill, and leaves him to be torn to pieces by certain savage ants which, it is stated, abound in the bush, and eat men up with marvellous rapidity. These are probably the creatures which, according to Sir John Mandeville, are to be found in a certain "Yle" of the Indian Ocean, and "ben grete as Houndes, so that no man dar come to the Hilles, for the pissemynes wolde assaylen hem and devouren hem anon."

This is perhaps what would be called, in modern slang, the sensation scene of the book; but those who like a quieter and more prosaic sort of reading will find it in abundance. For instance, there is Mr. Wainwright's personal narrative of the *coup d'état*, of which stroke of policy he was *magna pars*, and cordially approves. The present Emperor of the French was very friendly with him. "I suppose you don't smoke, else I would offer you a cigarette," said he pleasantly to Mr. Wainwright, and in the kindest manner possible insisted on his taking a bed at the Elysée. When a man behaves in this way it is not easy to hear him abused without resenting it, and Mr. Wainwright is very indignant with Mr. Kinglake for aspersing the character of his friend. Not, however, that it matters much, for, as he says with pointed irony and humorous allusion to the well-known public-house sign, "*the green man can well afford to be still.*"

A kind of rakish charity for all manner of moral obliquities appears to be the leading trait in this gentleman's character. For example, he winds up a short sketch of the career of one of his friends with the remark, "Here was a man guilty of nearly all the seven deadly sins, and yet I thought him a good man"—the redeeming instance of goodness being that on one occasion, when impelled by his playful disposition to burn down a turnpike-house, he nobly rescued the pikeman and his grandchild from the flames. We sincerely trust the new school of Indian literature, the foundation-stone of which has been laid by Mr. Walstab, will not promulgate his system of moral philosophy to an inconvenient extent. Lively gentlemen of the type he admires may be very "good," and may vary the dull monotony of European life pleasantly, but we think experience has shown that they are not the men for India. As to the future style of that school we learn nothing here. It may be sentimental, sensational, or supernatural—mysterious, like Wilkie Collins, or historico-rollicking, like Charles Lever; for Mr. Walstab offers specimens of all these. But, whatever fashion it may ultimately adopt, it must contrive to meet the prejudices which readers in all climes and countries hold in favour of connectedness, interest, and taste, to a greater extent than the author of *Looking Back* has done, or the common three-volume novel of English manufacture will continue to be the staple commodity in the fiction line from Galle to Peshawur.

MURRAY'S KNAPSACK GUIDE TO SWITZERLAND.*

IN sitting down to review a Knapsack Guide, we ask one question at the onset. What is the nature of travellers who carry knapsacks? What is their object in travelling? What do they know, and what do they wish to know? Do they simply go to scramble, or do they pay any attention at all to the history, the politics, or the antiquities of the countries which they pass through? To this question there are two possible answers, and on either of them it will be very difficult for Mr. Murray's Knapsack Guide to pass muster. Either they do care about politics, history, and antiquities, or they do not. If they do not care about such things, the Guide-book which is meant for them will do well to avoid such subjects altogether; let

the Knapsack Guide advertise itself as meant for scramblers and scramblers only, and students of politics and antiquities will not think of opening it. But if knapsack travellers do care about such things, they will wish their information, however brief, to be accurate as far as it goes. Now Mr. Murray's Knapsack Guide answers neither ideal. It neither avoids political and antiquarian matters on the one hand, nor treats them accurately on the other. It makes some attempt at sketching the history and describing the antiquities of every place to which the knapsack traveller is brought, but the information which it gives him is always superficial, and often distinctly inaccurate. Let no one say, as some one is sure to say, Oh, but so short an account must be superficial; a book that is to be carried in the knapsack cannot pretend to minute accuracy. There is no greater mistake than this; brevity and accuracy are in no wise foes. It is as easy to show in two lines as in as many folios whether a man understands what he is writing about or not. Granting, as Mr. Murray's treatment assumes, that a Knapsack Guide should contain political and antiquarian information, that information should be got into a very small compass, but it should be most carefully arranged, and most scrupulously accurate in every detail which is mentioned at all. A man who thoroughly and scientifically understands his subject can thus get his subject into a small compass, but nobody else can. Only a man who knows the whole of a subject can give that general view without which details are unintelligible; only a man who knows every detail can tell which details to put in and which to leave out. A sketch of Swiss history, such as is necessary for the purpose, could be written in a page or two, containing enough to give a clear, though of course not a detailed, view of the past and present condition of the country as a whole, enough to render the account of particular places and events clearly intelligible. For, without some account of the general state of things, past and present, it is impossible that such special allusions should be intelligible. But the author of the Knapsack Guide has attempted nothing of the kind; he has done his work purely at random. There is no general account of the history, the constitution, or even the boundaries, of the country. In the geography of the Knapsack Guide Piedmont and Savoy are set down as parts of Switzerland. It may doubtless be very convenient to include all three countries in one Guide-Book, but it does not follow that Piedmont and Savoy are to be set down as a "Section" of Switzerland, as they are here. To have added the words "Piedmont and Savoy" to the title would have satisfied the claims of accuracy, and would hardly have made the book perceptibly heavier. In the descriptions of particular places, historical and political matters are sometimes mentioned, sometimes not, seemingly quite at haphazard; and when they are mentioned, the descriptions are scarcely ever written with any intelligence, and sometimes contain the grossest blunders.

Let us take, for instance, the very first place to which the bearer of the knapsack is guided. Here is a sketch of the history of Basle:—

Basle was an imperial German town, governed by its bishops. It joined the Swiss confederation in 1501; and its bishops were expelled. The government then fell to the aristocratic burghers, whose authority was destroyed in 1793, partially restored in 1814, and again destroyed in 1848.

The dissensions soon after the Revolution of 1830 between the inhabitants of the town of Basle and those of the country led to a civil war. A bloody contest near Liesthal occasioned the Swiss Diet, in 1832, to pass an act for the separation of the canton into Basle Ville and Basle Campagne. Basle Ville refused to submit, and attacked the Campagne with 1600 men, of whom 400 were left on the field of battle, Aug. 1833. The diet then occupied the whole canton, and a final separation was made. Basle Campagne has two-thirds of the territory and Liesthal for its capital. Each sends a deputy to the Diet; but the two divisions enjoy only half a vote each, and when the deputies of the two divisions take opposite sides (which is generally the case) their vote does not count.

The Bishop being "expelled" seems a confusion between his loss of temporal authority in the city, which took place before 1501, and his loss of spiritual jurisdiction at the Reformation, which did not take place till after. "The Revolution of 1830" is anything but a clear way of talking, when there has been no foregoing description of any such revolution, no hint that anything remarkable happened in that year. The writer has a vague notion that something happened in 1848, but he knows so little about it as to give us, in 1864, a description of the state of things which came to an end in 1848. The description of the two deputies with "half a vote each" for Baslestadt and Basle-land of course refers to the Old Diet as it stood before that year. Of the present Federal Constitution, with its *Ständerath* and *Nationalrath*, the writer of the Knapsack Guide had, when at Basle, seemingly never heard. The peculiarity of the "half-cantons" now is that they send only one Senator instead of two; but each has an independent vote. In the *Nationalrath* of course *Stadt* and *Land* have each as many Representatives as their population entitles them to. When our Guide gets to Bern he does find out so much as to tell us that

The Diet consists of 2 bodies—the *Stände-rath* (44 deputies of the Cantons) and the *National-rath*. They meet generally in July in 2 separate halls. Debates are public.

Now, as we said before, it is hard to tell exactly what a knapsack traveller may wish to be told about. We should have thought, however, that, if he had to choose between the two, it was more important for him to be told a little more about the general constitution of the country and a little less about the affairs of its least distinguished Canton. We should think it odd

* *The Knapsack Guide for Travellers in Switzerland.* London: Murray. 1864.

if a Swiss Guide to England, instead of any intelligible account of the House of Commons, gave a description of the state of things in some particular county or borough. Still, if the knapsack traveller has a particular desire to know about Baselland, by all means let him know about it. But, if he thus asks for bread, even for half a loaf, it is very hard to give him a stone. If it would be hard to give our Swiss inquirer a description of New Shoreham instead of a description of England, it would be harder still if the description of New Shoreham were one which had ceased to be true with the passing of the Reform Bill. This is the way in which the poor knapsack-bearer is treated. Anything, it seems, is good enough for him, and a description which has been antiquated for sixteen years past is coolly offered to him as a piece of new and useful information.

We reach Constanx, and it is something that the knapsack-traveller is allowed to know that the City "belongs to Baden." We are, however, amazed at learning that the Cathedral is "Gothic b. 1052," and that the Dominican church, which, though desecrated, is roofed throughout, is "a picturesque ruin." We hear of course much about Huss, but nothing about what surely, to an Englishman, is the most attractive object in Constanx—the tomb of the illustrious Robert Hallam. We believe that the Bishop and the historian were really of the same family; at any rate it is pleasant to find two Englishmen of the same name, each so worthy of the other, so many generations apart. Even a knapsack-traveller, one would think, must have heard of Henry Hallam, and would be well pleased to hear of Robert.

The Great Minster of Zürich, called, of course, by the usual vulgar blunder, the "Cathedral," is of the tenth or eleventh century. While sticking down random and impossible dates, it would have been better to attribute it to "Kaiser Karli" himself, who looks down in such state from the southern tower. There is some talk about Zwingli, but not a word about the *Frauenmünster*, or the noble *Predigerkirche*, any more than about the still nobler *Barfüsserkirche* at Basel. Again we say, either avowedly make no mention of such things at all, or do it in a rather better style than this. So again, either do not attempt a history of Zürich at all, or else find out that several things worthy of notice happened there before 1519. Except a very dim notion about Arnold of Brescia, our guide seems to fancy that the history of Zürich began with Zwingli.

The knapsack traveller is presently carried to Zug. There he visits the Cemetery, where his guide remarks, with a kind of wonder, that "armorial bearings are profusely displayed even on the meaner tombs of this 'republican' State." As the word "republican" is put in inverted commas, we suppose that something is intended which shall be very bitter and sarcastic, and, in the opinion of its author, very clever. But the only meaning that we can get out of the words is that there is some inconsistency in the use of armorial bearings by citizens of a "republican State." It is worth while to stop for a minute or two to contemplate the condition of hopeless ignorance which this attempt at a joke implies. It is amusing to see how people constantly draw their notions of republics from the only republic of which most of them ever heard—namely, the United States. Now there is really no reason on earth why even a citizen of the United States, dead or alive, should not be adorned with armorial bearings, if he has a right to them; still people have a notion, for the most part a very false one, of a citizen of the United States as a person likely to despise armorial bearings and everything of the sort. In point of fact, most American citizens do nothing of the kind; but conceive the absurdity of arguing from an utterly false view of America to the ancient commonwealth of Switzerland. Zug is a very small canton—not quite so small as the Knapsack Guide makes out, for it has rather more than 3,323 inhabitants—still it is a very small canton, and the author of a Knapsack Guide may be forgiven for not knowing much about it. But did he never hear of Bern? did he never hear of Venice? did he never hear of old Rome? Is he utterly ignorant of the fact that a republic may be aristocratic as well as democratic, and that nowhere is family pride so strong, and all its expressions so prominent, as in an aristocratic republic? If he never heard the names of Tschudi and Erlach and Reding, did he never hear the names of Fabius and Cornelius, of Dandolo and Morosini? We do not remember that we ever came across a more amusing manifestation of self-satisfied ignorance than this.

We reach Luzern. There "the Old Arsenal contains historical relics of Swiss valour at Sempach and at Kappel." Sempach and Kappel! "Powers eternal, such names mingled!" Even a knapsack traveller might understand the difference between the victory of victories, the noblest triumph of freedom, and an unhappy civil war between religious parties, in which "Swiss valour" may have been shown on either side, but over which Swiss patriotism would be inclined to draw a veil. At Zürich our guide seemed all ready to worship Zwingli; at Luzern the overthrow of Zwingli has become something as glorious as the overthrow of Leopold. Surely no one was ever more inclined to "do at Rome as the Romans do, and to do in Turkey as the turkeys do."

In Unterwalden we hear more than once of "the Swiss rebellion," which has an odd sound. At Bern, where the account is meagre itself, the Minster is of course raised to the rank of Cathedral; and, when we get to Lausanne, we find the odd piece of information that "the whole of the windows [of Lausanne Cathedral] formerly contained painted glass and tracery, which was carried off by the Bernese to adorn the 'cathedral' of Bern." Does our guide know the meaning of the word "tracery," or does

he seriously believe that the Flamboyant tracery at Bern was brought bodily from Early Gothic Lausanne? Lausanne Cathedral itself is "A.D. 1000. Traces of the original edifice in the groined arches (sic) behind the altar. With this exception, the building dates from 1275." As Bern is advanced to Cathedral rank, Lausanne, to keep things straight, becomes metropolitan, and we hear of the "Archbishop's" palace. According to our Guide, Vaud "is now one of the most revolutionary cantons." As we do not know what this means, we can neither assert nor deny it; but what are we to make of the assertion that Vaud "joined the Swiss Confederation" only in 1814?

One of our guide's most amusing flights is when he gets into the Grey Leagues:—

It must not be supposed that the conspiracy on the Grütli, in 1307, and the exploits of Tell, influenced more than a very small part of Switzerland. For more than a century after the first Swiss union the country now called Grisons lay under the tyranny of petty lords, who, though they possessed but a few acres, assumed the rights of independent sovereignty.

Here we evidently get the advantage of a new light which had just flashed across the author's mind. Why should the deliverance of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden necessarily carry with it the deliverance of certain other towns and districts with which they had nothing to do? This is just the sort of confusion under which such people write; their occasional self-satisfied accuracy is almost more diverting than their blunders. When at Chur, moreover, the author evidently believes in "St. Lucius, a British King, and the founder of St. Peter's Church, Cornhill." While one is about it, why not say the founder of Winchester Cathedral, which legends no less undoubtedly attribute to him?

These specimens are enough. "In a volume of such limited size"—was any book ever of unlimited size?—"it is impossible to convey [sic] complete historical detail." No doubt, but to stick in rubbish about the use of armorial bearings at Zug, and to call the Bishop of Lausanne an Archbishop, does not make the volume smaller, but larger.

CROWE AND CAVALCASELLE ON PAINTING IN ITALY.*

THE "new Vasari," as a critic has already named this book, differs in one or two very notable points from the old. If we are not amused in it by the curious and apocryphal anecdotes with which the garrulous Florentine, in mediæval fashion, garnishes his Golden Legend of the Saints of Art, the lack of such details is amply supplied by the abundance of novel facts, intricate investigations, and able general views which render the work of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle by far the richest mine of information upon Italian painting that has been opened to us for many a long day. The legends of the atelier, or the stories of the novelist, with some inspection of such works as were within reach, seem to have supplied the basis for the earlier part of Vasari's "Lives." Even in putting together these materials, many of them invaluable to us, he has shown no slight carelessness, and, although a man of cultivated taste himself, in the critical faculty proper he was deficient. Vasari exhibits also that painful vanity which leads Italians to think that there is some special value in all things Italian. These were mainly faults natural to a writer in the sixteenth century. But since that time history has aroused herself from that almost unbroken sleep in which she lay for fifteen hundred years after the death of Tacitus. It is known now that the true annals of any branch of human energy must repose upon documentary evidence, upon existing remains, upon knowledge of the mind and character of the race concerned. It is recognised that no special branch of history can be safely separated from the remaining branches—that literature reflects politics, that art enters into religion. It is felt also that much which has floated down to us must be rejected by rational critics; and although the battle between the conflicting schools which regard great men, or the people at large, or the necessary laws of human progress, as being respectively the first element in history, is not concluded, yet the importance of throwing a vivid and accurate light upon all these elements in an historical narrative is acknowledged and acted on with a clearness and a consistency unknown during the early and the middle periods of Christian civilization.

In all these points, then, a new Vasari, to deserve the title, must differ from the old. We are disposed to think that the authors before us have, on the whole, if we may prejudice their completed work by the half which has now been published, satisfactorily made out their claim to the appellation. We have, indeed, one shortcoming—as in the case of the same authors' book on Flemish Art, reviewed by this journal in 1857—to note in the execution, for which Mr. Crowe, if, as we hear, he performed the difficult and laborious task of redaction, must probably be held responsible. The matter is not always equalled by the style. We do not mean that the book is ill-arranged. On the contrary, considering the complexity and the often fragmentary character of the subject-matter, no complaint is to be made on the score of deficient clearness. But the language does not do full justice to the real value of the book. It is sometimes abrupt and affected; it bears the marks of haste. One fancy, in pursuance of which the account of existing pictures is thrown into the past tense, is misleading and unaccountable. Such, or analogous blemishes, are, indeed, rarely absent from English prose; and we should not

* *A New History of Painting in Italy from the Second to the Sixteenth Century.* By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. London: Murray. 1864.

notice them did we not think that the book eminently deserves to live, and, at the same time, that the life of a book is absolutely determined by its style. But the *corrigenda* of this nature can be removed with ease in a second edition, when we hope that the illustrations may be also subject to a thorough revision. We rather grumble at finding once more in these volumes some of those miniature outlines which have already done duty in at least one publication of Mr. Murray's. They are, to speak openly, and from knowledge of many of the originals, of slight value as true illustrations of pictorial style. They are far too small, and they are without any light and shade. The extraordinary discoveries in ancient art which the authors bring before us in their text are almost unrepresented. But we look confidently to the spirit which the publisher has shown in the case of other books of art (Mr. Fergusson's *History of Architecture*, for example) for such an expenditure on woodcuts as is, we submit, only due to the merits of the "new Vasari."

Of course a programme so large as the "History of Painting in Italy," drawn up from fresh materials and recent researches in the archives, as well as from personal inspection, could not be carried out unless a long series of investigators had previously laboured in this fruitful field. Of their researches Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle appear to have made a liberal, but an independent and judicious, use. German diligence has here contributed much; although we, too, may point with satisfaction to the labours of Lord Lindsay and Mr. Ruskin, and may hope that Italy herself, fallen though she now is in taste and creative genius, and fascinated by the nightmare of self-complacent vanity, will at last furnish more for the history of her own art than annalistic detail or uncritical eulogy. For it is, in truth, a history inferior in interest to none of those which record the advance of human intelligence. The original art of Greece and of Rome does not fall within the authors' range. But the primitive Christian works derive directly from the Pagan, and the careful account which is here given of them confirms the impression conveyed by the analogous sections in the recent "Life of Our Lord" by Mrs. Jameson and Lady Eastlake, that the admonitions against the adoption of mythological types given by some early Fathers, energetic but not æsthetic, were totally disregarded. Indeed, the absence of Christian sentiment in certain specimens is what especially strikes the authors. "The upper walls of the great aisle of Sta. Maria Maggiore are still adorned with mosaics depicting scenes from the lives of Moses and Joshua. In these the religious idea found no place. The Roman mosaic represented in animated and striking movement the battles of the Israelites, as he would have represented those of the legions of his country." The decline of this earliest form of art, first clearly marked about A.D. 500, is traced through the three great branches of sculpture, mosaic, and wall-painting, with some notice of the scanty manuscript relics of that age. A better manner was displayed during the Exarchate of Ravenna, due probably to the more direct Byzantine influences at work within that temporary seat of delegated empire; and some traces of it may be detected, long afterwards, in Milan. During the seventh century our authors are disposed to recognise the first faint dawnings of a distinct Christian style. The type of the head of Christ which the piety of the primitive Church had not disdained to adapt from the Hellenic Gods is exchanged for a less pleasing image, which, however, Cimabue, after several centuries, raised in the Cathedral of Pisa to a certain dignity. In the Catacomb of San Ponziano we now find the Baptism painted with the motives which later art has rendered familiar. An angel attending with a napkin has superseded the old God Jordan, who appears in the mosaics of Ravenna—reappearing, we may add, with less propriety, though perhaps with more decided paganism, in Raffaele's "Loggia" of the Vatican. The darkest period in Christian art, coinciding with the literature, and it is probable with the whole social and political position of Western Europe, may be fixed in the eighth century; "faces and features angular, heads without forehead or cranium, feet and hands deformed, outlines edged with red." Representations of physical pain now also appear. This unsatisfactory condition of things, which cannot be ascribed to the existence of any Royal Academy, lasts until that remarkable thirteenth century which Mr. Ruskin, with his keen insight, has described as the starting-point of all that was great during the middle ages. Yet nothing is more curious than the efforts continually made, during the long period which we have here roughly sketched, to improve the fine arts. One is almost reminded of England in the nineteenth century by the pathetic perseverance with which men of taste and spirit strove to put life into painting, sculpture, and architecture under the most unfavourable circumstances. The attempts of the Norman Kings in Sicily, and of the Cosmati at Rome, are carefully analysed by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle; and these chapters in their book rival in interest those devoted to the gradual triumphs of maturer art.

These preparatory steps, almost ignored by Vasari, although in his time the evidence for tracing them must have been greatly more abundant than it is now, were the necessary conditions of that revival which, in his pages, reads rather like a legend than a portion of authentic history. Our authors, although disposed to set a lower estimate than we should have thought it deserved upon the later Byzantine art, justly blame that tone of so-called patriotism which leads Vasari to refer the low condition of painting to the prevalence of a Greek manner amongst the immediate predecessors of Cimabue, and rank Giotto of Siena and Andrea Tafi, not as the first though feeble initiators of advance, but rather among the last practitioners in a barbarous but native

style. It is partly to the more civilized and settled stage which Europe had now reached, partly to that which we are totally unable to account for—the spontaneous appearance of gifted men—that it would seem natural to ascribe the revival. But another cause, indicated by Auguste Comte, and confirmed by the History of Dean Milman, must be sought in the peculiar position of the Church and creed of Latin Christendom. We may briefly state it thus:—The wealth and education of the ecclesiastical bodies enabled them to throw into visible form the traditions on which religious belief was relaxing its grasp. By the thirteenth century "implicit faith" was fast fading; art, in its gradual advance, de-supernaturalized what it attempted to embody and retain. The difference between devotion paid to the Virgin of Loretto and to the Madonna della Seggiola may explain what we can here only slightly indicate. The first stage of Christian art, from Niccolò Pisano to Rubens, carried within itself the seeds of its own decay.

The very earliest clear steps in this revival, due to the great sculptor just named, point indeed already to the inevitable conclusion. Although they reject the quaint anecdote in which Vasari, like all minds of small grasp, ever anxious to trace great events to petty causes, derives the new style of Niccolò from the study of a late Roman sarcophagus at Pisa, our authors have given satisfactory reasons, in a few pages of ingenious criticism, for the belief that he learned his manner in Southern Italy, where Greek elements long blended with or opposed the march of Latin Christianity. "That manner," they observe, "had, in common with the men of his time at Pisa, nothing but the subject. Pagan form subservient to Christian ideas; such was the character of Niccolò's sculpture." Hence the singularity which strikes us at the sight of the famous reliefs with which he decorated the chief Tuscan cities. Their Roman style, and their hard, intelligent execution, are in curious and absolute contrast to the contemporary pictures of artists like Giotto. Hence, also, the little effect they produced on the art of Niccolò's own contemporaries. They are truly works born out of due time—classical anachronisms. The proofs given in this book of the true parentage of this extraordinary man's art are highly interesting; and we hope that the description of the Cathedral of Ravello, near Amalfi, will induce some traveller with eyes, head, and fingers (*rara avis*!) to take complete drawings of it before the church is attacked by that plague of coarse and feelingless renovation which, succeeding to centuries of more fortunate neglect, is already blotting out in Italy—as too often, in the present day, even in England—the authentic vestiges of an irrecoverable past. But we must glide by these and a crowd more of attractive details, to find space for the able critical estimate with which, as at the close of each great epoch, the authors sum up the career of the Pisani:—

The progress of sculpture has now been traced, to show the state to which it had been reduced previous to Niccolò, and the changes which it underwent in his hands. It is evident that in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, as in earlier ages, sculptors existed in every part of Italy, but that, having lost the true idea of form, they had preserved merely the traditions of Christian composition. In the South of Italy, however, a vein of the imitative antique had extended, and still derived life, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, from a source which elsewhere had been clearly exhausted. That classicism, suddenly transported to Central Italy by Niccolò, should naturally create wonder amongst men reduced to an almost primitive generalization of art, was only what might have been expected. Conventional as Niccolò's manner was, it could not but create emulation and rivalry in the study of mere form, and the examples of Pisa in this sense were of advantage to all the schools of Italy. But whilst Niccolò infused a new spirit into the minds of his countrymen, he could lay no claim to the creation of Christian types. His art, had it remained unsupported by the new current of religious and political thought so sensible in the thirteenth century, would perhaps have perished without leaving a trace behind it. Mere classical imitation could not suffice for the wants of the time; and thus it was that, whilst Niccolò created on one side an emulation that was to produce the noblest fruits, he was himself convinced that, without a return to the study of nature, no progress was possible. In his attempt to graft on the conventional imitation of the antique a study of nature, he failed; nor would his son and pupils have succeeded, even in the measure which is visible in their works, but for the examples which were created for them in another and greater school—the Florentine.

So rich in views and facts new to England are these volumes, that we have thus far touched on the contents of hardly one-fourth of the first. On a future occasion we hope to complete our survey of the authors' present work by a notice of the master minds that illustrate the region of high art in Italy, from Cimabue to Ghirlandajo.

BEE-KEEPING.*

IT is the observation of one deeply learned in the physical sciences, that, of all quarrelsome people, literary, antiquarian, and scientific, the most quarrelsome are the entomologists. The light-of-nature explanation of this curious fact which suggests itself is that these inquirers into the insect world unhappily take the wasps for their own models. We are not sure that in saying this we do not malign the wasps; we are beginning to think that the busy bee must really be as bad as her calumniated kinsfolk; and we are credibly informed that the hornet especially is a most mild and peaceably disposed creature, whose sting indeed is deadly, but who never uses it except in extreme cases of self-defence. At any rate the book before us shows that those whose line of life is cast among bees and bee-hives can be as quarrelsome as any sort of creature whether with two legs or six. Either the bees are not safe models, or else lovers of bees really do, according to our first conjecture, imitate the wasps. Or it is possible that, after all, it

* *Bee-Keeping*. By the "Times" Bee-Master. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1864.

is not bee-keeping or wasp-following, but quite another pursuit which is really in fault? Report attributes the little volume before us to the most eminent prophet of the day, and we think that the report is confirmed by a certain amount of internal evidence. The "*Times* Bee-master," to use the odd description which he has chosen for himself, tells us of a great many charges which have been brought against him, and amongst others is that of ignorance of prophecy. Why should any one think of accusing a bee-master of ignorance of prophecy? Where is the possible connexion between prophecy and bee-keeping? If a man fails in the theory or the practice of what we perceive it is high-polite to call "apiculture," how is it relevant to reproach him with being unsound about the Beast and the Little Horn? But our author, though of course he does not admit the truth of the charge, does, in a manner, admit its relevancy. The letters written against him "invariably began by a laborious attempt to prove that the writer knew nothing of apiculture or prophecy." A man who couples two such charges in such an extraordinary juxtaposition certainly seems to admit a sort of connexion between the two. Now the connexion is surely not in the subjects themselves; it therefore must be in the mind of the writer. Though the pursuit of "apiculture" and the pursuit of prophecy have naturally nothing to do with one another, there is at least one mind which establishes an incidental connexion between them. Our Bee-master then is not bee-master pure and simple; he is at once bee-master and prophet. We assert, moreover, on the strongest internal evidence, that he is a Scotch Presbyterian minister. The professional twang comes out in almost every page. The national and the sectarian twang are almost as clearly discernible. An Englishman, of whatever sect, would not be likely to talk about Scotch matters, especially Scotch ecclesiastical matters, except when they had some natural connexion with the subject. The ecclesiastical phraseology and the ecclesiastical dissensions of Scotland would not be prominent enough in his mind for him to use them as sources of small incidental, and commonly very irrelevant, allusions. The nation, the profession, the sect, and the favourite pursuit of our bee-master stand plainly revealed. Instead of Saul among the prophets, we have Cumming among the bee-masters.

It seems then that the great prophet of the age has taken to keeping bees at Tunbridge Wells, and that he thought good to write certain letters to the *Times* describing the results of his studies and labours. The *Times* put them in, and there was no reason why the *Times* should not have put them in. They opened a question which might, in the dead season, be as useful as any other. Their style was often very silly; what they recommended was in no way novel to any experienced bee-keeper; but the main substance of the letters was sensible enough. The *Times* Bee-master recommended bee-keeping as a good way for an industrious cottager to turn an honest penny, and he enlarged on the folly and cruelty of killing the bees when there is really no good reason why they should be killed. All this was just as it should be; the Bee-master's exhortation, if not new, was certainly true. What he told the world had often been told before, but, as things often get forgotten, there was no possible reason why it should not be told again. Against the first letter, as far as it deals with bees, we have nothing to say. But we have a good deal to say against one sentence, which is as unjust and uncharitable a one as we ever saw in print:—

My bees at present have begun the massacre of the drones. These are a sort of Benedictine monks, who, like Brother Ignatius, prefer enjoyment to hard work. They are round, fat, and lazy, making much noise, and eating of stores to which they do not contribute.

Let anybody, on proper occasions and when the subject demands it, call Brother Ignatius fool or madman or what they please. But here Brother Ignatius is dragged in head and shoulders to pander to one of the lowest tastes of the public, and to be made the victim of a detestable slander. Foolish as the Brother's doings may be, they have nothing to do with bees, and to say that he "prefers enjoyment to hard work" is simply a violation of the ninth commandment. A good deal of what the Bee-master says is simply silly; here he becomes malignant.

It seems that our Bee-master has called forth a great deal of indignation by recommending certain hives and other apparatus for bees and by not recommending others. We will not enter into questions which appear to be mere ebullitions of commercial jealousy, and on which the Bee-master seems quite able to defend himself by his own sting. What we complain of may be not ill summed up in the words of the Bee-master himself:—

A very gifted preacher said it took all his learning to make his sermons plain; it ought to take all a bee-master's to make his hives simple. When I hear a fine preacher expressing himself in grand words and glittering figures, I always feel—I hope not uncharitably—that he cares more about displaying himself than serving his Master or feeding his flock.

When any man, Bee-master, preacher, or prophet, cannot stick to his subject, but will at every moment drag in all sorts of irrelevant and affected allusions, we are not perhaps quite so severe in our sentence as the Bee-master, but we do charge him with utter lack of good sense and with a heavy sin against good taste. We do not in the least mind mere quaintness when it comes naturally. Mr. Cotton, whom the Bee-master admiringly quotes, wrote on behalf of sparing the lives of the bees, and about bees generally, a good many years ago. Mr. Cotton wrote in the very quaintest and most grotesque way in which a man could write, and yet we are sure that no one could ever be otherwise than pleased with his book. His quaintness was perfectly natural to him; his

odd way of putting things, his queer allusions, his grotesque fashion of moralizing, all came without an effort; the whole thing was written in the same style, and we are sure he never put in a line for effect, and still more that he would never have put in a line injurious to any man, like the Bee-master's disgraceful allusion to Brother Ignatius. But the Bee-master's bits about all manner of irrelevant things do not come naturally; they are dragged in by a distinct effort, evidently for the sake of effect. Mr. Cotton wonders that those who kill their bees are not haunted by their ghosts; and he tells us about an old woman who could never bring herself to go to church on the Sunday after she had killed her bees. We laugh at this as genuine quaintness; but Mr. Cotton was too good a scholar to invent such a barbarous compound as "bee-side," and he had too much sense to write such rubbish as the following:—

Finally, the worst enemy of bees is man. There is the barbarous, cruel, and ungrateful treatment of the brimstone match. The little innocents have toiled all the summer. They have thrown off a swarm—after the example of the Church of Scotland, which, by way of showing its internal strength, threw off a capital swarm in 1843—they have recovered all the effects of their secession, and amassed abundance for future days. The bee-side felon, called man, digs a pit, lights four ounces of brimstone inside of it, and deliberately sets fifteen thousand bees, queen and all, above its really and truly infernal fumes—suffocates and burns the unhappy martyrs, and then subscribes to various charities in winter, and calls himself a philanthropist! He ought to be sent to the treadmill. Why does the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals take up the case of cab-horses, and overlook the murdered bees? But there are regular inquisitors who do not use sulphur. These scientific crinkum-crankum hives, from which bees with difficulty get out, and with more difficulty get in, are little purgatories, over which the inquisitors preside. Vivisection is no worse.

This is a thoroughly cockney style of writing; the allusions are temporary, local, quite unintelligible to those for whose benefit the book professes to be written. The cottagers whom the Bee-master talks about, and whom Mr. Cotton really knew and lived among, know nothing about cab-horses and purgatory and inquisitors and vivisection and the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals. The bit of ecclesiastical controversy so needlessly dragged in is unintelligible to them and uninteresting to most Englishmen. The only bit that really appeals to the common feelings of humanity is the threat of the treadmill, which of course is plain to all minds everywhere. Again, the Belfast riots happened to take place about the time that the Bee-master was writing to the *Times*, so the volume is full of references to Belfast, its doings and its sufferings. People who write in this ephemeral sort of way seem to forget that, if they wish their books to live, they must write them so as to be understood twenty years hence as well as now, and that this will not be if their staple of illustration is drawn from the last piece of news in the daily papers. Again, talk about the queen-bee and her court, about monarchy, and loyalty, and warnings against republics and democracies and Messrs. Bright and Cobden and Abraham Lincoln, are all so very obvious and so very threadbare that no sensible man would venture upon it. Mr. Cotton, in his quaint way, might talk about the queen-bee and her subjects and loyalty, but then he did not run off into irrelevant declamation against this or that government or this or that political party. Still more sure are we that he would never have stooped to such a piece of abject and irreverent flunkeyism as this:—

I think I have shown in these letters that morals, money, country, and enjoyment may all be helped a little by keeping bees; and, therefore, that I have done some good by directing attention to these "great and marvellous works" of One who still gives his care to a bee-hive and to Buckingham Palace.

By the way, is Mr. Cotton dead or alive? The Bee-master assumes his death; we cannot prove that he is alive, but we had never before heard that he was dead.

There is a vast deal of twaddle about toads and wasps, and the drones too, on whom the Bee-master is very hard. The drone is the male bee, and, as such, has his place in the economy of things. Moreover, the Bee-master argues that he is useful in another way by warming the hive. Yet the Bee-master cannot avoid making a series of sorry jokes on this, by his own showing, very useful creature. He is an example to idle young men; he is "an old abbot in mediæval times who preferred the cellar to his cell." The ecclesiastical style of twaddle is uppermost throughout the book.

The Bee-master seems to have received many letters during his correspondence with the *Times* from divers people, wise and foolish. For instance, his silly royalism drew forth a piece of invective from some equally silly republican, which the Bee-master prints in his preface, perhaps not catching the general truth which both himself and his adversary illustrated. But he had wiser correspondents than this, if he had had sense enough to appreciate them. The following is cited by the Bee-master as a specimen of "intemperate criticism or ill-natured ridicule":—

The "Bee-master" is respectfully requested to publish his letters to the *Times* in a pamphlet by themselves.

It is suggested that the paragraph about "Brother Ignatius" be omitted. The "Bee-master" must have forgotten to have taken his usual allowance of honey at breakfast when he penned those harsh words.

Did he know "Brother Ignatius," he would soon discover he was

NO DRONE.

The Bee-master's comment runs thus:—

That he is no honey-bee is plain. If not a drone he must be a spider or earwig, creeping by stealth into the old Romish Benedictine hive, to which he does not really belong.

We must add that one of the Bee-master's correspondents is a sheer impostor:—

One writer of two anonymous letters says, his connexion with the press is very great, and that in the *Saturday Review* and other periodicals he will write "scorching critiques"; that he will warn the publishers that they will earn a loss; and that he will influence the *Times* to receive no more communications. One letter has the post-mark "Amphill," but I suppose its real date ought to be Colney Hatch or Hanwell.

I cannot otherwise explain the extraordinary language.

What influences may be brought to bear upon the *Times* it is not for us to guess, but we beg to assure the Bee-master that his correspondent is no contributor to the *Saturday Review*, and that this present notice of his book will not bear the post-mark of either Amphill, Hanwell, or Colney Hatch.

JOHNSON'S SPECIMENS OF EARLY FRENCH ARCHITECTURE.*

IT has often been a subject of wonder that large and expensive works with architectural illustrations command a better sale abroad than in England. At least, such works are more often published in France and Germany than among ourselves, and it may be fairly presumed that they would not be issued in quick succession from the press unless they found purchasers. Some allowance may be made for the comparative cheapness of production in foreign books, but still it is surprising that so many expensive ventures in the way of illustrated archaeology and architecture prove to be remunerative. Perhaps it may be accounted for by the consideration that a volume of this sort, when published at Paris or Vienna, appeals to an European audience. Indeed, it may be considered to be to some extent cosmopolitan. In addition to its Continental sale, such works are sure to find not a few purchasers in England. On the other hand, it may be doubted whether the very best publications of our English architects ever cross the Channel in any considerable numbers. Few perhaps of those foreigners who read English fluently care much for our insular architecture or antiquities. Anyhow it is an unquestionable fact that costly illustrated works of our home manufacture are but seldom so profitable as they ought to be to their projectors.

These remarks are suggested by the appearance of a very beautiful volume by Mr. R. J. Johnson, a young architect settled at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the earlier Gothic architecture of central France. It is a book which deserves warm encouragement from all lovers of architectural art among ourselves, and its subject, not being insular, may perhaps commend it to the same class among our French neighbours. Let us hope that the author will have no cause to regret the time and money which he has expended in his arduous undertaking. We have here a hundred large plates, in the very best style of lithography, full of illustrations of the choicest specimens of early French pointed architecture, as it flourished in the purest time of the art in the particular district where (as most people think) the Gothic development first took its rise. It is a perfect lesson in art merely to turn over the leaves of this volume; and no one can examine the plates carefully without deriving from the study new and enlarged views of the variety, and exquisite beauty, and extraordinary suggestiveness of the French Gothic style in its earliest and brightest days.

Mr. Johnson has added to his plates no explanatory letterpress, which is an omission much to be regretted. For it is only an expert to whom these architectural drawings tell their full story. We see that in his very brief preface the author asserts that he was first led to undertake his work by observing that the remains of mediæval architecture throughout France were rapidly perishing under the destructive hand of the so-called restorer. The wholesale scraping and refacing of ashlar, and re-chiselling of mouldings and sculpture, which characterize a French "restoration" even more thoroughly than among ourselves, reduce every ancient building that is subject to the process to a monotony and insipidity which disgust every true appreciator of the fire and living energy of the mediæval artists. Mr. Johnson resolved to measure and draw as many unrestored buildings as he could find, in order to perpetuate on paper a record of their appearance in their original and untouched condition. One great advantage of this principle of choice has been that he has travelled rather out of the beaten track for most of his examples. All the larger and better known French churches have been already restored. It was hopeless and needless to draw them. But among the second-class minsters and larger parish churches Mr. Johnson has discovered a very mine of architectural invention. No one, except those who have pedestrianized in the Ile de France, will be prepared for the extreme beauty of many of the specimens which his facile pencil has here delineated. Most of the churches which he has here drawn lie out of the route of ordinary tourists. But restoration is spreading now even in the more remote villages of France; and it was none too soon to secure a record of the architectural features of their churches before the spoiler's hand had touched them.

What most strikes us perhaps, on examining these drawings as a whole, is the astonishing variety and originality of the French Gothic. Take a single detail, such as the steeples, for example. Every one knows the comparatively few types to which we are accustomed in English spires, ancient as well as modern. Of late, some variety has been attempted by introducing here and there a "saddle-back" tower, or by imitating some of the forms of spire

that are common on the Rhine. We wonder that our architects have not gone more freely to French precedents. The volume now before us abounds in novel and picturesque forms. Sometimes we have massive central towers, which are pierced with so many, and such large, arcades, as to be almost of open-work—as the parish church of Nogent-les-Vierges, near Creil; or a pyramidally-capped octagon rising from a square base, as at S. Martin's near Mantes; or the saddle-back will be conjoined with four angle turrets, as at Villers (Oise); or the spire will be nothing but an elongated octagonal flèche, on a magnified scale, as at Cambonne; or something like an elaborate brick-kiln in outline, as in the ruined abbey-church of Cornery (Indre et Loire). In fact, the variety in form and proportion seems to be infinite; and yet none of these examples are open to the charge of extravagance, or affectation, or a mere striving after originality. Next let us notice the scarcely less remarkable variety of the ground-plans. Our modern English architects very seldom go beyond the regulation nave and aisles. But the smaller churches, at least, in the Ile de France, were tied down to no such fixed system. Thus the parish-church of Cauffry (Oise) has an unexplained and abnormal excrescence on the north of its chancel, and its single aisle is anything but rectangular. The church of S. Vincent, at Senlis, is cruciform; but its chief member, the stem of the cross, has the extraordinary proportions of a length of 153 feet, and a breadth of only 25 ft. 6 in. A little parish church at Angy (Oise) is singularly irregular; and a chapel at Laon (though this is said to have belonged to the Templars) has a central octagonal nave intervening between a rectangular chancel and a rectangular entrance-porch. Mr. Johnson gives a marvellous plan of a desecrated collegiate church, that of S. Frambourg at Senlis, which is an aisle-less nave of four squares besides a semi-circular apse, in length about 150 feet, and in breadth 32 feet. This would be a noble model for a college chapel. Once more, there is a most singular ground-plan to the church of Cires les Mello (Oise), in which every inch of a very irregular site has been utilized, but which cannot be clearly comprehended by a mere verbal description. That groined roofs, and (in spite of the increased difficulty which a stone vaulted roof occasions) very considerable internal height, are characteristics of French Gothic as distinguished from our own national type of the style, is known to every one. These peculiarities, which we confess we desire to see imitated in our more modern churches, are admirably exemplified in Mr. Johnson's plates. The church of S. Vincent, at Senlis, already referred to, is a very model of austere architectural beauty and simplicity, being groined throughout with simple quadripartite vaulting; and the ruin of S. Frambourg, at Senlis, is scarcely inferior. In short, every one of the examples collected in this volume has groined roofs; and our readers need not be told how much the whole structure of a building is modified by this prime necessity of a genuine Gothic design. The buttresses, and bearing-shafts, and whole system of construction, must be contrived, with infinite benefit to the resulting architectural effect, so as to bear with safety and elegance the ponderous weight of a vaulted roof. In this particular at least, our own Gothic, whatever may be said of the beauty of our timber roofs, is infinitely inferior to the contemporary French style.

Among the less known buildings that are fully illustrated in this volume are the desecrated collegiate church of S. Evremont, at Creil, of Romanesque or Transitional date, a model plan for a small minster; and the ruined abbey-church of S. Leu d'Esserent (Oise). The latter is a beautiful structure, 233 feet long by 69 feet wide—a single nave ending in a semi-circular apse, with an aisle running all round, and radiating chapels round the eastern chevet. The architectural style is a severe early Pointed; and the church has two eastern towers, besides a spire at the west end. Mr. Johnson seems to have drawn every moulding and detail of this noble ruin. It would be admirably fitted to serve as a model for some colonial cathedral. Almost the smallest abbatial church we have ever seen is the now parish church of Gassicour, near Mantes, which forms one of Mr. Johnson's illustrations. Two other parish churches, which were once collegiate, are those of Mogneville and Plessis le Charnant, both in Oise. From Bonport our author obtains full drawings of an abbey-refectory; and Laon, besides numerous details from the cathedral, affords him a unique architectural specimen in the two-storied domestic chapel attached to the palace. But we cannot enumerate all the treasures of this volume. Let us add, that the details are well chosen and admirably drawn. Mr. Johnson has copied very little figure sculpture; but some mouldings and sculptured foliage that he has given are admirable specimens of the genius and skill of the ancient carvers. We will instance the capitals from the smaller piers of the chevet of S. Leu d'Esserent, the choir capitals in Laon Cathedral, and those of S. Frambourg, Senlis. We are rather interested in Mr. Johnson's picture of the interior of S. Germain des Prés, at Paris. He has divested it of all its modern fittings and paintings in order to bring it back to its supposed original condition. We hope that we have said enough to induce our readers to make themselves acquainted with this very beautiful work. We ought to add that the drawings are by no means exclusively mere scientific elevations. Many of them are highly picturesque perspective views. Such a one, for example, is the south-east view of the very singular and complicated church of S. Ours at Loches (Indre et Loire). This building was formerly collegiate. It is curious how many of these fine structures are desecrated or secularized. A really magnificent tower, that of S. Albin's Church at Angers, is now used as a shot tower. In these days,

* *Specimens of Early French Architecture, selected chiefly from the Churches of the Ile de France, and illustrated in Geometrical Drawings and Perspective Views.* By Robert J. Johnson, M.R.I.B.A., Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Blackett. Folio. 1864.

when our architects are most of them professed eclectics, it is much to be wished that they would borrow, not exclusively from the Gothic of Italy or the brick-architecture of Germany, but from the "well of Gothic undefiled" in central France.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

1.

THE title which annual custom has appropriated to a certain class of literature is now rather out of date. There is little or nothing in what publishers are still pleased to call Christmas Books to identify them with Christmas any more than with Easter. Whether it is a fact that our equivalent for the *jour de l'an* has attained the portentous proportions of the Parisian institution, those who benefit or suffer by it are the best judges; but we should imagine that the manufacturers of baubles in gold and silver are more consulted by dispensers of *étrennes* at this season than the booksellers' shops. Literature has no great reason to deplore the total extinction of Annuals and Books of Beauty, Keepsakes and Friendship's Offerings; and so long as the annual tax on relatives and friends, godfathers and godmothers, is levied, it may well be that it should be expended in something better, and of more permanent value, than the whipped cream of fashionable authors. The manufacture, for such it is, of so-called Christmas Books has gradually acquired gigantic dimensions. All sorts of artists, among whom the writer often occupies a subordinate position, combine in the production of a first-rate Christmas Book. Draftsmen and colourists, gilders and illuminators, binders and paper-makers, scientific printers and all the ministers of literary luxury—those subtle craftsmen whose function is to dazzle, and to evoke interjections and ejaculations of wonder, surprise, and admiration—invest their associated labours, the energies, the taste, and the time of a twelvemonth in exciting and producing those wonderful volumes which make the dull fag end of the year blaze and glitter with a more than tropical luxuriance of splendour. So far as a principle can be discovered, regulating the supply of these curious evidences of our general wealth, luxury, and taste, it seems to be now agreed that the best sort of Christmas Book is some classic illustrated in an *édition de luxe*. A permanent character is usually aimed at; and it is to be hoped that the standing reproach which attached to annuals of the olden type, that they were but gaudy weeds, never meant for a higher position than to wither, after a two months' idleness on the drawing-room table, has been done away by the more substantial volumes of the present day. Whether this object is always attained—that is, whether our illustrated Campbells and Scotts are not, after all, too fine to be used—is a delicate question which, anyhow, this is not the proper time to discuss.

As though to defeat our attempt to settle some principle which is supposed to regulate the Christmas Book, the first work on our list—first in sumptuousness as in size—is a notable exception to the rule which we have tried to establish. It is eminently an occasional publication. The monograph—is this the right word?—of the *Marriage of the Prince of Wales* is the last and crowning triumph of Messrs. Day's chromolithographic process. Unfortunately, the list of superlatives is finite; even tautology and expletives have their limit, and the copious streams of laudatory description are exhaustible. We could, if we were to try, ring all the changes on the words "sumptuous," "gorgeous," "splendid," and "luxurious," but all would fail of giving anything like a description of this extraordinary, for it is really an extraordinary, volume. It pursues the Princess from her ancestral halls, through all the perils and dangers of railways and sea, to Gravesend; from Gravesend to London; from London to Windsor; from Windsor to Sandringham. Here we have the romance of Albert and Alexandra at nearly the length of the Grand Cyrus. The pictures, all radiant with scarlets and purples, are innumerable. The velvets, and satins, and plumes, and chains—prancing horses and shouting crowds, all loyal, all clean, all enthusiastic, all pleased and pleasing—are here. The procession through London has been "taken" at every point; the Prince and Princess have been happily caught in every variety of multitudinous costume which decorated that happiest of happy weeks; the bridesmaids are here in one heavenly group of bustle, mental and material, and white tarlatane, and, though just a little *ballé* in pose, are of a loveliness altogether distracting. And then there is a catalogue, and in most cases a coloured picture, of every bracelet and jewel and trinket presented to the bride, under which it is a mercy that our sweet Princess did not undergo the fate of Tarpeia; which catalogue, contrasting as it does foreign jewellery with English, leads us to the unpleasant conviction that the English goldsmith is the very worst artificer on the face of the earth. And besides all this there are the treaties, and the Royal messages, and the "marriage lines," authenticated by photographs; and we have all the autographs of all the witnesses, which comprise most of the German pages of the Gotha Almanac, and the creamiest items of Burke and Debrett. In a word, there is everything before the marriage, and the marriage, at the marriage, and after the marriage. The literary portion of the work is equal to the artistic; indeed, the reading, as children call it, is quite as artistic as the pictures. For Mr. W. H. Russell is a gorgeous artist. Here he wrote with a ruby pen, or a dove's-wing quill, and dipped it in rose-coloured ink. Every sentence tells; it now swells with the full luxuriance of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and now trips

and tinkles with the sprightly air of the village joy-bells. Never was more elaborate and artistic prose more aptly married to elaborate and artistic illustration. Summarily, we may say that this magnificent book is in every way an illustrative one. It fully chronicles our loyalty and good feeling, our sense of splendour, our wealth, our taste, both in its good and bad aspects; our scorn, in the presence of right feeling, of mere peddling considerations, and our national munificence. In a word, it is a complete record of an occasion picturesque in itself, but more than picturesque in its many associations of national hope and of a renewed and vigorous national life. The publishers deserve, as we are convinced they will attain, a solid success commensurate to their outlay, not only of capital, but of right feeling, in this very handsome work.

The Gorilla and the Dove (Day and Son), a curiously inappropriate and unsuggestive title, is a collection of sketches in outline of a Nile voyage. The fun is rather heavy and the outlines rather light, and the work unpleasantly recalls Comic Histories of England and works of that class. However, as all subjects, human and divine, are in these days fair objects of *pernflage*, Egypt must take its chance and share of being jested upon. No doubt London dandies make themselves very ridiculous in Eastern tours; but, admitting that the joke is a good one, thirty-eight repetitions of it, for so many are the outlines, are rather too much of a good thing. Still, for a book in a dull country-house, where the dinner is always three-quarters of an hour late, the *Gorilla and the Dove* will sufficiently kill half an hour of the daily weariness.

Who shall say that hero-worship and hagiolatry are extinct? Is it that the human mind cannot resist the fascination of creating its own demigods and bowing down to their relics and sanctifying their scantiest memorials? It seems to be so. Here we have Mr. H. Staunton, a distinguished Shakspeare worshipper, publishing under the auspices of Messrs. Day, in photo-lithography—what terrible polysyllables these strange processes necessitate—*Shakspeare's Will*, and the Indentures of Shakspeare's law deeds, and mortgages, and facsimiles of the famous Shakspeare portraits, the Chandos picture and Droeshout engraving. The minute accuracy with which Mr. Staunton has described these documents, and the loving reverence with which he has annotated them, are pleasing; and no Shakspeare shelf can be complete without this volume.

In his *Shakspeare Memorial*, Mr. Beeton, the publisher of so many manuals and guides, has aimed at a more popular publication. It looks like a collection of woodcuts of all sorts used in other works. But this circumstance does not interfere with their practical value. Facts, hints, results, and pictorial illustrations are thrown together without much *nexus*, and not always appropriately. Still there is a vast deal of miscellaneous Shakspearian information in the volume, and if not the highest, it is among the pleasantest of the Stratford Manuals which we have.

It would be most unfair to Mrs. Bury Palliser to class her elaborate and very curious volume, the *History of Lace* (Sampson Low), with the class of pretty literary ephemera which flit round Christmas. Lace is, or ought to be, an artistic production, and, as is well known, there are collectors of lace as well as of pictures and pottery. Perhaps it required a lady's love and a lady's patience to toil through household accounts, wardrobe bills, State papers, private memoirs, and the like authentic documents, which have been so plentifully ransacked for the present volume—the first, at least the first English, work, as far as we know, on the subject. Nobody but an expert could form a notion of the infinite variety of style, design, and material which characterize the different sorts and ages of lace; but here we have the whole thing historically, artistically, topographically, and statistically treated from the days of Arachne down to the Princess Alexandra's wedding veil. And the whole is treated with the most ample collection of examples, delicately drawn and figured, and exquisitely engraved. The amount of research, information, and literary interest, whose importance exceeds the apparently trifling character of the material on which it is expended, and of pleasant personal gossip about great men—nobles in every sense of the word—and fair women who in every age of European civilization have been wearers of lace, which is to be met with in every page of Mrs. Palliser's remarkable volume, is really surprising. The detestable style of our modern male dress, which is no dress at all, the waning taste for ceremonial and courtly attire in every rank and profession, the puritanism which affects the Church services, the abeyance of the English Court, and the fatal inroads of machinery, will soon perhaps bring lace down to an antiquarian curiosity and a collector's luxury. But meanwhile we owe all thanks to the present accomplished and devoted authoress for this history of a graceful production, often displaying very high excellence in an art which no lover of art would willingly let die. No doubt the *point d'Alençon* and *point d'Espagne*, with all the infinite varieties of Brussels, Malines, Valenciennes, Argentan, Lille, down to our own Honiton and Buckinghamshire pillow lace, with all the technology of *guipures*, *passements*, *point coupé*, *blondes doublées*, and the *franse*, are embarrassing to the novice; but ladies ought at least not to be novices in the mystery and history of lace. It may be that our recommendation will scarcely commend itself to husbands, but, for a present to a lady, few books will be so acceptable, however costly in the end, as Mrs. Palliser's.

Miss Eliza Cook was the Tyrtæa, if that is the feminine of Tyrtæus, of the *Weekly Dispatch* in its more rollicking days. In

her time this lady has displayed some fire and a tolerable sense of versification. She has, we believe, of late years become a tamer politician, and certainly a not less graceful writer. Her *New Echoes* and other poems (Routledge) exhibits considerable grace of diction and a somewhat careless style, but a good deal of characteristic feeling. If Miss Cook occasionally recalls strains and thoughts which in these days of Tennyson and Browning—that is, of splendour and difficulty—look bald, we are not so sure that this is an unpardonable fault, if a fault at all.

There are a great many people who cannot read the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and a great many more who, when they have read it, greatly dislike this famous and tedious allegory. But it will long be held to be part of the British Constitution to believe in, and to believe that you have read, Bunyan. As long as this innocent form of national self-delusion survives, there will always be a large class who look with more or less interest on those illustrations of the *Pilgrim's Progress* which of late years have issued by dozens from the press. Mr. Shield, an artist whose name is new to us, has published some twenty new illustrations to the *Pilgrim's Progress* (Simpkin). He is, we think, a man of Manchester. His simplest and least ambitious drawings are by far his best; one of the Crucifixion, following the traditional ordonnance, is much to our taste. When most original and most ambitious, Mr. Shield most fails, as in his *Vanity Fair*. The scene is laid in Charles II.'s time; and Mr. Shield falls into the awkward anachronism of making the present St. Paul's, dome and all, complete in that sovereign's reign. The different scales on which the illustrations are given are perplexing.

The *Lake Country* (Smith and Elder) owes to Mrs. Linton the reading and to Mr. Linton the pictures. This is not a Guide-book, nor a merely scientific monograph; nor is it a sentimental Sketch-book, or an historical *Etude*. But it is something of all these. Mr. Linton's reputation is a sufficient guarantee for the absolute fidelity of his sketches, for they are only sketches; but they exhibit rare powers in giving, what is so difficult, the expression and character of mountain scenery. Facts such as those which Mr. Linton so conscientiously notes are worth acres of Claude, and even of Ruysdael. With an occasional hardness in the skies, there is but little to find fault with in the engravings, which by the way are the draftsman's own work. With the letter-press much pains has been taken; and the various fortunes of the feudal families, the local legends, and not only the topography but the manners of the people, have been diligently studied, and carefully reproduced by Mrs. Linton. Botany seems to be a specialty with Mrs. Linton, and we doubt whether the Lake Flora was ever more fully, certainly never with more sympathy, dwelt upon. And she has read Ruskin, and not seldom borrows, and not unsuccessfully, his track of pen. Altogether, this is a highly attractive and thoroughly enjoyable work.

Mr. Dickens only follows a traditional trick when, in his Christmas stories of the *Livviper* variety, he suspends six or seven little tales from one string. Mr. Thomas Hood, who has combined a father's taste with a father's name, has, with the assistance of some "half a dozen young writers who have to toil for their daily bread"—and a good thing for the half-dozen young writers—put together in what he fantastically, but not inappropriately, calls *A Bunch of Keys* (Groombridge), a few tales which are just of the right sort for that genial pastime which one hears so much about, and sees so little of—a fireside in the long winter evenings. With less pretension, there is more substance and invention and painstaking in these very creditable little stories than in the careless compositions which Mr. Dickens usually selects for the Christmas foils to his own clever writing.

Mr. Thomas Hood again claims our notice, and this time in company with his sister, the amiable and pleasant Mrs. Broderip. It is no slight task to attempt new Nursery Rhymes—those great treasures venerable with the dust of ages, and consecrated by centuries of tradition and reverence. Nor do we understand that the son and daughter of Thomas Hood intend an irreverence or profanity equal to that of suggesting the destruction of See Saw, or Jack and Gill. But Mr. Hood and Mrs. Broderip probably think that the ballad poetry of the nursery is susceptible at least of additions, and here, in a pretty little volume, they print *Merry Songs for Little Voices* (Griffith and Farran). The merriment is not without meaning or moral; and the songs are enlivened with quaint little cuts by, we believe, Mr. Hood. When we say that we have the tunes, new tunes, by Mr. Murby, can we be certain of greater promise of excellence than this little book suggests?

(To be continued.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

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MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED, with Mr. JOHN PARRY, in THE RIVAL COMPOSERS; THE BARD AND HIS BIRTHDAY; and MRS. ROSELEAF AT THE SEASIDE, every Evening (except Saturday) at Eight; Saturday at Three.—Royal Gallery of Illustration, 4 Regent Street. Unreserved Seats, 1s. and 2s. Stalls, 6d. and 1s.

COMMODORE NUTT and MINNIE WARREN.—The Celebrated Commodore NUTT, the Smallest Man living! twenty years of age, twenty-nine inches high, and weighing but twenty-four pounds, having concluded his famous three years' engagement in Arcades, for which he received from Mr. J. P. BARNUM the magnificent sum of Thirty Thousand Dollars, has the honour to inform the Public of London that he will make his FIRST APPEARANCE in the Old World at ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly, on Monday, December 12, 1864, assisted by the wonderful Miss MEXXUS WARREN, sister of Mrs. General TOM TACUMA, the Smallest Lady of her age in the world, eighteen years old, twenty-four inches high, weighing nineteen pounds only—a Bachelor and Belle of mature age, and more than usual intelligence, and weighing, together, less than an ordinary child of three years.—Nature's smallest edition of her choicest works. This Elfin Couple will give TWO LEEVES DAILY, at Three and Eight p.m., in a most interesting Melange of Songs, Dances, Duets, &c., including Commodore NUTT's celebrated personations, the Drummer Boy, Sailor, Patrick O'Fogarty, the Cure, Drunkard, Stump Speaker (with ten changes of costume), Jim Crow (in the character of a Crow), and his wonderful feats of Prestidigitation, &c. &c., and Miss MEXXUS WARREN in her Songs, Dances, and Duets, appearing in Three Different Costumes at each Levee, from her costly and magnificent wardrobe. There will be a Change of Programme at each Levee. The magnificent Miniature Coach drawn by Four of the Smallest Ponies in the world, the whole a present from General TOM TACUMA to Commodore NUTT, attended by Elfin Coachmen and Footmen in Livery, will convey these Little Wonders between their Hotel and St. James's Hall. Admission, 1s., 2s., and 3s. To be obtained at the Hall. A few reserved Stalls, 6s. each. Children under Ten years of age half-price to the 2s., 1s., and 6d. places.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES by the Members is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East. Nine till dusk.—Admission, 1s. GEORGE A. FRIFE, Secretary.

WINTER EXHIBITION, 130 Pall Mall.—The Twelfth Annual Exhibition of CABINET PICTURES by Living British Artists is NOW OPEN, from 9.30 a.m. to 5 p.m.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

LEAMINGTON COLLEGE.—On December 19, and the two following days, an EXAMINATION will be held at this College for the Election to a Scholarship of £50 a year, tenable for three years, in the Head Master's house. Candidates must not have exceeded the age of sixteen on the day of election.—For further information apply to the Rev. the HEAD-MASTER. Leamington, November 4, 1864.

SUTTON VALENCE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, near Staplehurst, Kent.—Head Master, Rev. J. D. KINGDON, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge.—This School has been rebuilt, largely extended, and furnished with Exhibitions to the Universities and Scholarships by the Governors. The Course of Education is such as will prepare Boys for the Universities, Professions, Civil Service, and other Civil Pursuits.—For particulars, apply to the HEAD-MASTER, at the School. The next Term will commence on January 31, 1865.

Sutton Valence is on the high ground looking down on the Weald of Kent.

FRANCE.—ST. GERMAIN-en-LAYE SCHOOL.—Patron, Lord BROUGHAM.—St. Germain-en-Laye School is carrying out on a limited scale the system of International Education expounded in the Report addressed to the Secretary of the European Association for Promoting the Study of Modern Languages by the Head-Master, Professor BRANKE, and published in the "Constitutionnel" of August 13, 1864. The object in view is twofold. First—to afford the means of acquiring a complete practical knowledge of Living Languages, and secondly of them with sound Classical Studies and with special preparation for the Examinations which in the four principal Countries of Europe give admission to the different Professions. The School receives but Fifty Resident Pupils, boys under fifteen years in the first, pupils above that age in the second division.—For Prospectus apply, by letter, pre-paid, to the Secretary, Dr. KAMKE, 39 Rue de Valenciennes, St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris.

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